

The Pacific, A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY PAPER, was first issued in August, 1851, the Rev. J. W. Douglas being its editor and proprietor. Till 1864 it was published in behalf of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches jointly; after that, it was published in the interest of the General Association of California, by a committee of ministers and laymen, edited by a committee of ministers, until 1879. It is now owned and published by "THE PUBLISHING COMPANY OF THE PACIFIC"—an incorporated company. The Directors for 1887 and 1888 are: S. S. Smith, John Henderson, W. M. Seabury, I. P. Rankin, John Kimball, J. M. Haven, Jos. Hutchinson.

The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

WHOLE No. 1906.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOVEMBER 21, 1888.

VOL. XXXVII. . No. 45

SEEKING GOD.

BY REV. E. C. OAKLEY.

The possibility of entering the Christian life has limits. God's offers to the lost are not eternal, unrestricted and unconditioned. His plan of salvation has certain terms. He defines the way in which the sinner shall come. He sets certain standards, which must be accepted as the ultimate expectation and endeavor of all those that wish to come to him. And, again, he has put a time-limit to his offer. He may be found at certain times and under certain conditions. He may not be found at other times, and no circumstances nor terms nor concessions will make a wrong time the time of his receiving a sinner into his kingdom. God is not arbitrary, but he is absolute. When he puts an end to the period of probation, as it is called—that is, when he declares that he will not listen to the cry of a lost soul after such and such an hour—his word is final, and the hope of a hearing after that period is vain and empty. There is a time when the Lord may be found; there is a time when the Lord is near. The wise man will seek him in that time and will call upon him then. The wise man will not put off this duty until it is too late to avail anything.

Now, what shall it profit any one to theorize falsely concerning this fact? Theories never change facts. Where will be the advantage to say that any time is a right time to come to God—that God's ear is always open to hear the cry of the needy, and that God's hand is always ready to rescue the fallen? If you have been talking after this sort, just read Isa. lix: 1, 2, and especially notice that verse 1 does not say, "will not," but it does say, "cannot"; and notice that the "will not" comes just where it ought to—in the second verse. Such theorizing may be of some temporary comfort to those unwilling to do promptly what God requires; but it is a comfort that has no duration. It is not true that you can come to God at any time in all eternity, which you may choose as your time. If you are to become his, it is necessary that you do it in his way and in his time. For God says that it will be vain to seek an entrance to heaven after the door is shut and his time is passed by.

Now, if this were not written in God's Book, we would be compelled to read it in the analogies of life. We pass through periods of life teeming with opportunities; and when those periods are passed the opportunities are also gone. You know that there is no faculty, there is no repentance, there is no sacrifice, that will recall the chances and possibilities of a lost time. Deep regret has never been known to bring back a lost manhood. The youthful days once gone and wasted are forever gone and irrevocably wasted.

The young man begins life with some noble aspirations. His day-dreams are high and noble; he aims well. His plans are right, and, if carried out successfully, will result in lofty good. But he meets temptations and evil companionships, and in an evil hour he yields. In those young days of strength and high possibilities he is using his time in "sowing his wild oats." The opportunities come and go; they never linger. The youthful days are the days of brain-making, character-building, habit-forming. It is a vital time. A misstep now becomes, by and by, a wide wandering. The seed of a misstep youth-time yields a mighty harvest in the after-time. But, in spite of the immense value of these days, the young man goes on "sowing his wild oats," wasting his valuable time, losing his grand opportunities, building wrong character, becoming more and more the slave of evil and slovenly habits—with what results? When he grows older and becomes more mature in judgment, he looks with despair upon a wasted youth, and, according to the natural worth of the man, either gives up entirely to the downward current of his life, or spends the remainder of his time in the heroic, but never successful, endeavor to retrieve the ground that was lost in those thoughtless days. The past is irretrievable. The time of an opportunity is the time of its offer. There is no regret, no repentance, however deep and contrite, that will bring back the past and renew the lost chances. God has set a natural law over our life, and that law violated brings inevitable penalties. A wasted youth-time leaves us far lower in character and ability and influence than was our possibility and our right.

Now, read this analogy on the spiritual side. God's law in nature is not more binding and sure than his law in the spirit realm. As the spirit is more than the body, so God's method with the soul is higher and more certain than his method with the physical. If a wasted youth-time cannot be retrieved, can a lost probation be brought back? By what magic will you reverse the wheels of your soul-life, and recall the hours of your opportunity of heaven? By what chemis-

try will you soften the heart that has gradually grown hard under repeated sin and continued indifference to duty's call? How will you quicken the sensibilities that have become dull and nearly lifeless? How will you revive a dead conscience? And, having done all this, how will you open the doors of heaven, once closed, and call back the gracious look of the Father and Saviour to the face of the offended Judge? No, no, there is no hope when once the door is shut. It will be vain and empty for you to stand without, and cry out, "Lord, Lord, open to us!" and to strike your bare knuckles against the door. For he shall say to you, "Lo, I called once to you and you refused. I stretched out my hand to you and you did not regard it. You set at naught all my counsel, and you would heed none of my reproof; and now I know you not, whence you are. Depart from me, workers of iniquity!"

If you are ever to seek God, seek him when he may be found, when he is near; seek him now.

THE THIRD PARTY.

Only 5,000 votes in California, or thereabouts, so the papers say. How many will curl the lip of scorn at that announcement, while others will ask, in all seriousness, "Does it pay?" Or, is this, after all, the wisest way of securing the destruction of the evil we are combating? Our own convictions on this matter are very decided, but we will not go over the ground of necessity for the organization of the third party, further than to say it could not be helped.

This political movement of the friends of temperance is a natural outgrowth, a development, an evolution, of the growing temperance sentiment. Every great reform has its phases, and varying methods of attack, which change according to the condition and progress of the work. There are those long engaged in the temperance reform who could not satisfy their consciences, their sense of right and need in any other way than by aiding a political organization whose central thought would be the destruction of the saloon. It is useless to criticize and find fault with such a movement. It is the beginning of a change that must come. The time is ripe for it. The enemy is organized and aggressive. We must either rule, or be ruled by, the liquor power. Our great difficulty in the past has been to get good men to think about it. One of Miss Willard's wise sayings, long ago, was, "What we need is to secure the arrest of thought." We believe that the organization of the third party has done more in this way the last four years than any and all other agencies combined. Its strength and power are not measured by the number it registers at the polls. It has done, and is doing, a great educational work. There are more men in the nation to-day who are saying, "Something must be done to arrest this giant evil," than ever before. No man who has stood by this party in these late campaigns need feel discouraged or ashamed of his party. If he has had the nerve and the manhood to stand by his principles in this hour of trial, he has done his country and the cause of God and humanity a lasting service. The history of the future will not fail to do him honor.

M. L. M.

A CRITICISM.

Oakland, Nov. 19, 1888.

EDITORS PACIFIC: I have been interested in the "Story of a Mother and Daughter," published in THE PACIFIC, but I wish to enter my protest against the closing sentiment, which is put in the mouth of that godly woman.

The sweet winsomeness of the little maid and the elevated character of the Christian mother are lovely pictures that attract and charm—particularly that "crazy quilt" fancy which was working such pleasing changes in the characters presented. But when the writer makes the model mother, after an earnest talk to the children about praying for and helping a poor careless girl, that she might be won to Christ, say, in reference to herself and husband, "We were to go to the theater, and we wished to go very much"—I am pained and grieved. What right has Schola to represent a Christian woman as "wishing very much" to go to Satan's synagogue? What teaching is that to give our sons and daughters (for it claims to be a story for such), leaving the impression that it is a proper and Christian thing to attend such places, and so a lovely act of self-denial to give it up—once. Alas, that the sweet lessons of the story must be spoiled by this miserable ending!

A MOTHER AND TEACHER.

The steamer Alameda, which sailed last Sunday for Australia, took a full cargo, consisting of 300 tons of Indian corn, 200 tons of flour, 11,000 boxes of apples, 4,500 boxes of salmon, 250 pounds of salt salmon, 3,000 boxes of canned fruits, 153 cabin passengers and 100 in the steerage.

"THE ITALIAN LAKES."

LUCERNE, Sept. 29, 1888.

EDITORS PACIFIC: From Genoa we turned our faces northward to Milan, where we had the very great pleasure of visiting the celebrated Cathedral, which the Milanese regard as the eighth wonder of the world, and which is undoubtedly one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture ever erected. As we stood upon the spire of this cathedral, which is 350 feet from the ground, "mid that forest of minarets, pinnacles, and throngs of statues, many of them life size, some 4,500 in all, including the statues, we were almost dazed. I said to my companion, "This alone is worth a trip to Europe"; and I really felt so. There is nothing I have enjoyed so much as this one magnificent Cathedral. We remained here two days, visiting the Brera, or Palace of Science and Art, which contains the Picture Gallery, with 400 paintings, including Raphael's renowned "Sposalizio," or "Marriage of the Virgin." We also saw Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated fresco of "The Last Supper" in the St. Maria delle Grazie church.

After visiting other churches, and the great Arena also, with much regret we turned our backs upon this lovely city for a short sojourn through the Italian lakes, going by early morning train to Como, where we remained during the forenoon, visiting the town, of some 20,000 inhabitants, a very picturesque place, and not a few fine buildings. After lunch we took steamer for Bellagio, the loveliest point on the lake, about eighteen miles from Como, situated at the extremity of the point separating the Como and Lecco arms of the lake. Nothing can be more charming than the situation of Bellagio. I used to think, when reading different descriptions of this lake, that the writers must certainly overestimate its beauty; but now, having seen it for myself, can understand how a person might be carried away with it. A perfect efflorescence of loveliness is this fairy lake. In whatever direction you cast your eyes whilst traversing its waters, the scenic effects are unrivaled. Embosomed amidst lofty mountains, towering proudly above the silvery surface, some of them 7,000 feet high, verdant slopes and vine-clad hills, with valleys on the margin, and on jutting peninsulas picturesque and charmingly situated villages, the eye never wearies in its search for the beautiful. Castles with turreted towers ever and anon keep peeping out, as the boat proceeds, from the silver woods which hide them—"a sort of stolen glance." The glowing Italian sky, the azure of which is almost unknown to those who are accustomed to the unkind climate of northern latitudes, the water of indescribable blue, the delicious purity of the atmosphere, and the silvery streams of sunlight cast upon the lake, heighten the beauty of the scene. At Bellagio we spent the remainder of the day visiting the many points of interest. We hired a boatman to take us out in the middle of the lake, which, in some places, is three miles wide, where we enjoyed a good, long swim, our gondola man following after us silently. When we were satisfied that we had left all the Italian real estate we had accumulated in Italian waters we climbed into the boat and took a good, long sail.

At 6 o'clock we took the evening boat for Menaggio, about five miles further up, on the opposite side, where we stayed all night, next morning taking the narrow-gauge to Porlezza, on Lake Lugano, where we took another steamer over this lake, which lies between Como and Lake Maggiore. Though much smaller than either, it is scarcely their inferior in the loveliness of its scenery. Lago Maggiore is the largest of the three, being about 45 miles in length. Como is 36 miles long, the two averaging the same in width. Steamers run upon this lake to every point, connecting with trains from the north and south. After enjoying these lakes to our heart's content, we left for Switzerland. Yours cordially, E. C. GILBERT.

EASTERN WASHINGTON.

Rev. J. B. Clark, formerly of Butte, M. T., has supplied on recent Sundays at Trent, Pleasant Prairie and Halfmoon, Brother Clark and family reside at Spokane Falls, and his son attends the Spokane College. Mrs. Clark has greatly improved in health since their arrival at this city. An Evangelical Ministers' Union has been organized at Spokane Falls. Rev. F. G. Watson (Presbyterian) is President and Rev. J. Edwards Secretary. Meetings are held every Monday morning, and subjects of practical importance are discussed. "City Evangelization" has been recently discussed. Preparations are being made for the coming of the evangelist D. L. Moody. A choir of 150 members has been organized, and is practicing in Gospel Hymns No. 5. We are expecting a great refreshing from on high. Mr. Jacks, formerly assistant pastor of Mr. Scudder at San Francisco, now General Secretary of the Y. M. C.

A. for Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, has been in this city for two weeks, working hard and talking much and interestingly in behalf of the Association. Good work has been accomplished through his instrumentality. He occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church on Sunday morning, November 4th, and gave great satisfaction. Brother Jacks is a very pleasant Christian gentleman, and eminently fitted to fill the position he now occupies. We are hoping that Mr. Moody's coming to this city will result in the erection of a substantial building for the Y. M. C. Association.

Rev. A. H. Howells of Cheney will soon leave, with his family, for Port Angeles.

Rev. David Wirt has taken hold of the work vigorously at Medical Lake and vicinity. Two new railroads have just reached the place—the Central Washington from Cheney, and the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern from Spokane Falls. These railroads will result in the rapid development of the country all the way to O'Kanagan, and missionary work should be pushed all along these lines. There is a widespread feeling throughout this country that the American Bible Society should do more for us. The fact is it has done nothing in the way of pioneer work for this comparatively new country. While the various denominational missionary societies have been pouring in money here, the American Bible Society has been and is taking money from us, without giving us any service for it. The writer has reason to believe that the majority of ministers and laymen are of the opinion that we should have an auxiliary for Eastern Washington and Idaho. The Ministers' Union of Spokane has been discussing this subject, and the writer has been made a committee to correspond with as many as possible on the subject, in order to ascertain their views. I should be thankful if any who will read these lines will communicate with me on the subject.

Sunday-school Superintendent Andrus has been working for a few weeks in the Walla Walla Valley.

Rev. J. Edwards of Spokane Falls is delivering a course of practical lectures on Sunday evenings to good audiences on such subjects as "Churches and Workmen," "Success," "Reforms Needed," "Skepticism," "Amusements," etc. The lectures contain the opinions of nearly 100 citizens of Spokane.

Spokane Falls, W. T.

J. E.

UPPER BAY CONFERENCE.

The Upper Bay Conference held its fall meeting with the church in Vacaville, commencing on Tuesday morning, November 13th, at 11 o'clock, Moderator Hitchcock presiding.

Dr. Willey presented the theme, "Principles Underlying the Use of Public Conveyances on the Sabbath." Rev. A. F. Hitchcock and others considered the subject of "Church Attendance." Professor H. W. Chapman opened the question, "Is the Sunday-school Fulfilling Its Mission?" Revs. Dr. Saxton, H. E. Jewett and F. J. Edmunds were invited to sit as corresponding members.

At night, in the absence of Rev. T. M. Oviatt, detained through sickness, Professor H. E. Jewett preached an admirable sermon on "The Redeemer's Kingdom."

On Wednesday morning, after devotional exercises, and reports of churches, Rev. George Morris presented the question, "What of the Temperance Cause in the Future?" Rev. Henry W. Jones read a paper on "Christian Watch and Care." Rev. G. M. Dexter read an essay, prepared by his wife, on "What Can Be Done By Parents That Will Cause Their Children Early to Consecrate Themselves to Christ?" "The Reflex Benefits of Missions" was presented by Rev. H. E. Jewett, who also presented the interests of the Pacific Theological Seminary.

Circumstances combined to make the number of ministers and delegates in attendance small, but the meetings were of a very pleasant and helpful character. The reports of churches were generally of a cheering character, although in some cases special trials are testing the faith and devotion of our people.

Rev. A. F. Hitchcock was re-elected Moderator for the ensuing year; Rev. George Morris re-elected Registrar and Treasurer; Revs. Dr. Willey, A. F. Hitchcock and Henry W. Jones elected a Committee on Ministerial Standing; and a Business Committee, consisting of the Moderator, Registrar and Rev. E. D. Hale, was elected.

It is expected the next meeting will be held in Clayton. A cordial vote of thanks to the good folks of Vacaville for their hospitable entertainment, and then closing exercises, finished the Upper Bay Autumnal Conference.

DIED.

HERMANSOHN.—In this city, November 17th, Cora Pearlman, wife of J. S. Hutchinson, a native of New York city, aged 55 years.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss Lucy M. Fay, 901 Sutter Street, San Francisco.
Treasurer, Mrs. B. E. Cole, 572 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.
Miss H. E. Jewett, Foreign Secretary, Hopkins Academy, Oakland, Cal.
Miss J. H. Warren, 1316 Mason St., San Francisco, and Mrs. L. E. Dwinell, Pacific Theological Seminary, Oakland, Home Secretaries.
Miss S. S. Smith, 1704 Geary St., San Francisco, Recording Secretary.
All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary street, S. F.

OUR NOVEMBER MEETING.

This is the "beginning of months" to us of the Woman's Board, the beginning of our working year. The annual meeting in September is past, when the official reports are presented; and we pause to sum up the result of the months that are gone, take note of "omissions and commissions" of failure in this or that line, and success in the other.

And the October meetings are also with the past, when we come together to rejoice over another anniversary, and when we present our work to the members of the Association. All these having "come and gone," November brings us up to face with work for the year upon which we have entered. The year has been a successful one in the "free-will offerings," which have rendered it unnecessary to urge our auxiliaries to any extraordinary effort. And what is our work? some may ask. It is not to master a difficult language, the characters of which are entirely unknown to us. It is not to take that language only adapted in the smallest degree for expressing the sweet and sublime truths of our religion, and make it the medium for conveying those truths to darkened minds. We have no long "tours" to make in heat and cold. The work at home has been compared to the "base of supplies" in military operations. If these fail or are insufficient, how shall the victory be gained? And so the work at home is scarcely less in value than that in the far-distant mission fields.

Our own hearts are to be kept in vital sympathy with our missionaries and their work; other hearts must be quickened into new interest. The young must be instructed in the great work of extending our Saviour's kingdom in the world; information must be disseminated; new auxiliaries formed; wise methods must be adopted for raising the needed money, which will come in just the proportion to the interest awakened. And so, this November meeting brought us together to consider the best plans for furthering the work the present year. It was held in the First Congregational church, Oakland.

The preliminary meeting of the Executive Committee was almost entirely taken up with the appropriations just received from the Secretaries of the American Board. These are the same as last year, with the addition of the name of Miss Flora Denton and her salary, and an additional \$500, perhaps, of varied work in mission fields, in which members of our auxiliaries are especially interested. It seems hardly necessary to repeat these names, and yet to some in our later auxiliaries they may be new.

Mrs. Holbrook, in far, far-distant Africa, with her little ones about her and the Lord's "little ones" among the Zulus; the Girls' School in Broosa, so dear to our hearts, for a dozen years and more, the Morning Star, of which it would be a reflection on the intelligence of our members to tell the story; Mr. and Mrs. Perkins of Southern India, who are so closely linked to large circles of friends in this city, and in whom we now have an added interest from the fact that Miss Mary Perkins, the sister, has also gone to the same mission field to assist her brother; Spain, where her dark-eyed daughters are being taught by Mrs. Gulick; and Japan, where we have now two native Californians as our missionaries—Miss Gunnison and, later, Miss Denton. These are the names and missions that appear on this list of appropriations, the sum total of which is \$4,319.00. The added work will bring our sum total for the year to about \$5,000. And this means work, dear auxiliaries, and thoughtful and careful husbanding of our resources, that we may have to give towards this pledge, which is assumed in faith in our dear Heavenly Father, whose guiding hand we follow, and in our sisters throughout our borders.

In order to accomplish this more surely, and in a more intelligent manner, it was decided to employ Mrs. Burnell, whom many already know as a returned missionary from India, and who has already endeavored herself to many hearts, to visit our churches in this vicinity, and tell them of what she has seen and known and experienced of missionary life during five years' residence in Southern India.

But, to return to our meeting, our

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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President, Miss Fay, was in the Chair, and gave out that prophetic hymn, "Jesus Shall Reign." The tiny, little, two-year-old daughter of one of our number, sitting by the side of her mother, joined heartily, and very audibly, in the singing, whereupon Miss Fay said, "We will sing the omitted lines—

"And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name."

And this may be prophetic also; for this little maiden, who has the blood of generations of missionaries in her veins, may, true to her inheritance, carry in her own hands the sweet story of Jesus and his love.

The thirteenth of Acts was read with marked emphasis by our President. Here is a chapter from the lives of those early missionaries, who so wrought and suffered in those martyr days.

Mrs. Pond reported the meeting in Alameda, held with the General Association.

Mrs. Jewett gave some account of the meetings of the American Board, which she attended. She wished she could "bring to us the enthusiasm and uplift of those meetings." She met many missionaries, and listened to their thrilling words. Eight hundred were present at the ladies' meeting, at which Mrs. Walters of Africa, Miss Mary Porter, and Mrs. Powell, daughter of Rev. Mr. Farnsworth of Turkey, spoke. Mrs. Jewett carried the greetings of the Pacific Board.

Miss Fay then presented the appropriations as given, asking the ladies to express their opinion in regard to them, and also as to the wisdom of attempting to raise \$5,000 the current year. In consideration of what had been done the past year, it was thought to be safe to assume that amount. This was approved by a unanimous vote. And so this pledge is made, in humble reliance on our Heavenly Father, by whose blessing alone we can undertake anything in his cause. We cannot go back—the Lord's work is opening and advancing in all lands; the out-stretched hands of women in heathenlands are held out to us. Our own sisters, who are there laboring, ask for more helpers and more means to carry on this blessed cause, for which our Saviour lived and died. And so, can we not raise this money, dear sisters, in all our churches in California, in Oregon, and Washington Territory, in Arizona and Nevada? Let us feel your hearts throb with ours, as we join hands in this one effort. Your gifts will return in reflex blessing on your own hearts, and your own churches.

That this work may be done more completely, and rest, as nearly as may be, with equal justice on all our members within the stronger and the weaker churches, the Executive Committee met, by invitation, at Mrs. Richards' beautiful home in Oakland to consider this matter more in detail, and assign certain sums to each, as a possibility. Not a single church in mountain, valley, or by the sea, was omitted—all passed in review, and to each was assigned some portion of this work, of which they will hear more definitely from our Home Secretaries. The peculiar situation of each was sympathetically considered—have they lost valued workers, have they been building a church, have heavy burdens been resting upon them, or has it been a year of prosperity with this or that church? All these questions are asked and answered, as nearly as possible, to obtain the facts. And has this not brought us into closer sympathy with all these churches? Will it not be an impelling motive to aid this and that one whose circumstances have been brought so definitely before us? And has any other Society on this Coast brought the Christian women together in loving sympathy, as has the Woman's Board of the Pacific?

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The Treasurer's report for the months of September and October, 1888, is as follows:

Received September—
Oregon and Wash. Branch, \$55 00
Young Ladies' Branch, 2 40
First Church, Oakland, 2 50
Berkeley, 25 00
Morning Star Band, First Church, San Francisco, 4 00
Pasadena, 3 00
A legacy from Los Angeles, 10 00
Lodi, 10 00

Total for month, \$131 90

Received October—
Green Valley, \$18 00
Bethany Sunday-school for Morning Star, 2 50
Collection at Alameda, 32 40

Total for month, \$52 90

Cash brought forward, \$227 18

Total, \$391 98

Disbursements—
Paid Dutton & Partridge for programs, \$3 25
Paid Secretaries for expenses, 10 00
Various stationery, 13 26

Cash on hand, \$378 73

Mrs. B. E. Cole, Treasurer, Oakland, Nov. 1, 1888.

DIVORCE: EXISTING PERILS.

[A paper by Rev. Dr. I. E. Dwinell before the General Association at Alameda.]

San Francisco has a population of about 250,000 souls—one-fourth of the population of the State. In San Francisco, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, there were granted 495 divorces, and issued 3,172 marriage licenses—one divorce to 64 marriage licenses, or 15.6 per cent. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1882, there were 309 divorces and 2,605 licenses—one divorce to 8.41 licenses, or 11.9 per cent. as many divorces as licenses. The ratio increased from 1882 to 1888 from 11.9 per cent. to 15.6 per cent., or 3.7 per cent.

I have no reason to suppose that either of these years was exceptional. I have taken the earlier year because its statistics were accessible, and those of other years were not. I have chosen San Francisco because I could get returns from that county. I have made application to other counties, but failed to get a response. In 1882, however, the ratio of divorces to licenses was greater about the bay and in the counties having large towns than in the more sparsely settled counties. It would seem that people having the divorce business on hand, love the obscurity of a city, to say nothing of the greater facilities of the business there and the more fertile conditions leading up to it.

Still, with all allowances for a larger percentage in the bay counties, the showing is a bad one for California. A fourth of the population (and, including the bay counties and others having large cities, half of the population) sit by and see every seventh couple—more than that, every 6.4 to be exact—go up to the hymeneal altar, and then, after a few turns, to the divorce court, where the law cleaves them asunder, leaving the married halves to go, ever after, each its own separate way.

This fact, looked at externally and in itself, is a sad one; the brittleness of the marriage relation, the fundamental and most vital relation of society—a brittleness on this Coast in so many cases too great to bear the domestic jars or the social jostlings to which it is exposed; a relation so sacred and so precious, too fragile to withstand the rough usages of life; a tie, the first and the divinest, too weak to fulfill its office, and the State stepping in to sever it and release the parties; the fact alone, I say, is a sad one.

But the setting of the fact makes it much more serious. It might be set in a strong public sentiment opposed to divorce, but not strong enough to arrest the septenary clipping of the marriage tie and the legal shears. If there were in the community an unquestionable moral sentiment of that sort, active and determined in opposition, the case would be different, and we might look for reform at no distant day. Or, if it were clear that there are now exceptional causes unsettling the foundations of society and sending down this avalanche of decrees of courts burying domestic altars or sweeping them away, but implying no want of devotion to them on the part of the people at large, we might have sorrow but not foreboding. Or, if we, here in California, were on a great moral and spiritual tide, bearing us on and on, higher and higher, in virtue and righteousness and reform, we might be sure that the searching influence of the movement would speedily be felt in the greater stability of the home.

But the setting is far different. The years given in the statistics were not exceptional. There is no visible, positive, incoming tide of moral progress on which we can rely to search out this and all other evils, and remove them. On the contrary, the public is strangely apathetic. They look on, and witness the process—pair after pair parted by the judicial cleaver; pair after pair, pair after pair, as if the procession would never end—and they make flippant remarks, or roll the scandal under their tongues, or keep on thinking and speaking about other things. It is the indifference of the Parisians, who heard the click of the guillotine, saw the heads tumble, and talked about the theaters, the price of bread, and the gossip of society. If this indifference were confined to the general public, it would be bad enough; but it extends to the leaders and educators of society.

Most pulpits are silent about the evil, as if the continuance of marriage were a question of expediency and personal feeling, and not, rather, an internal dissolution, of divine obligation; or they think the subject too delicate, too personal, too difficult, to have place among their discussions. They do not see the wide reaches of this dissolving tendency in the central stronghold of its life on the purity, stability and peace of society. They treat it as a superficial matter, needing only superficial attention, or next to none.

Judges, acting in these cases, appointed to look after the interests of the State, including the interests of the children and society, as well as the legal rights of the parties themselves, in cases not a few, seem to make light of these outlying, and yet vital, considerations, and, looking only at the applicants or contestants in the suit, sacrifice the family to their wishes—often the capricious and unreasonable, sometimes the corrupt, wish of one of them; and, in sacrificing the family, help to disintegrate society and inflict fundamental damage on the State. Loose construction of the law, to gratify individuals at the expense of social order and public decency, certainly

is a judicial leaning of which we have examples, but should not be proud.

Lawyers willingly lend their services—sometimes advertise and offer them—to pull down homes, and thus weaken the basis under other homes. And the business is not scorned—this unseemly traffic in the remains of wedlock—does not seem to be, by the public.

Legislators refuse to pass more restrictive laws, increasing the time and the publicity of divorce proceedings, requiring the presence of the district attorney to defend the interests of the children, society and the State, and imposing other guarantees of the wisdom of the decision, before a final decree of divorce can be granted. They take the ground—some of them have done it to me—that they do not think it "the business of the State to hedge up the way to persons wishing to get out of wedlock; marriage is a personal matter; they have tried it, and don't like it; now, if they want to get out of it, it is no one's concern but their own."

These things show that the setting of the divorce fact is a more serious matter than the divorce fact itself. Its setting is this widespread, all-embracing indifference which settles down as a mephitic gas upon society. There are individual exceptions, but they do not change the indifference of society.

Further, this divorce tendency has a deeper ground in a tendency of the age—a tendency to exalt the individual at the expense of society, to take the crown from the king and put it on the man, to lift up the person and let the organization have what is left. If society, the organization, the State, survives in spite, after all these cluttings of individuals, it is because, in these cases, the opposing social forces are strong enough to overcome or hold in check this extreme individualism. But in cases like the one before us—the divorce tendency—there is no party that finds itself in immediate peril, to band together and resist the current of individualism sweeping away the homes. Society does not arise to fight it, because it regards divorce as breaking out sporadically, as fires, no one knowing where the next one will be. "Our own homes are assured," the public says, by an exercise of faith. "Property interests are not at stake. Society is not broken up; fragments only crumbling apart. The final social results are remote." Therefore, society is not concerned.

It must be admitted, then, that, in point of fact, the marriage relation is a very brittle one here, and is growing more brittle, and that this fact is set in gross public apathy and in a tendency of the age. Now, let us look more closely at the peril involved in this fact. What does this fact mean?

1. It means that the public are losing sight of the sacredness of marriage. The relation is descending from its original height—an institution of God, grounded in the distinct yet related natures of man and woman, and proclaimed at the creation of the race—and is coming down to the level of human arrangement. Wedlock is base when the divine elements and sanctions in it drop out—base in the forming, in the continuing, in the ending; and, when society degrades it from its native divine seat, it puts it among things which men make and can push hither and thither at their liking, and are not bound to respect and honor with any lofty devotion; the divine elements do drop out.

2. It means that more and more marriage is regarded as merely a civil contract. There is a civil contract, doubtless, and that is all the State can require and regulate. But it is a small part of true marriage. Yet, as the State handles this, and makes this prominent, and is seen every day stepping in and sending married couples apart, the impression gets abroad that the civil relation is all there is of marriage. When this impression fastens itself on the community, there is nothing in wedlock to hold people together who wish to be separated, and can get the consent of a judge to say, Go.

3. It means that marriage is fast becoming a human compact—less than a civil compact—merely a human one. That is, that there are no obligations or sanctions in it which run out through the civil system, making it a part of the very constitution of society; but it is merely a matter which belongs to the parties themselves; that the State has no interest in the case which overrides theirs, but must aid them in carrying out their wishes—divorce them when they say divorce, divide their property, and locate their children, when they cannot agree among themselves. This is a peril to which the tendency is bearing us. We have not reached it, but are on the way to it.

4. It means, further, that marriage is threatened with being regarded as simply an optional arrangement, not carrying with it the implication that one puts his honor and himself into it. Looming up in the distance, looking along the line of this tendency, we see men and women contracting social alliances for a period of years, or to be terminated at the pleasure of either. Already the portents are in the air in the declarations of free lovers not only, but in the speculations of certain philosophers, and in the practical want of seriousness and honesty pledging the whole selfhood, in many cases, on the part of those entering into the relation.

Thus we are threatened with a general breaking-up of the idea of the family as something sacred, inviolable, permanent. If the family goes, the home goes; and if the home goes, the fundamental train-

ing-school of social and civil order and of the church goes.

But this is not all. If marriage becomes a personal arrangement, the divine sanctions of it breaking down, the civil obligations of it disappearing, and the personal devotion to it optional, there is nothing left of it which either one of the parties will feel bound to respect. In such a condition of things there can be no serious sin against it. In such a social condition, the thread of wedlock is too small to be seen, too weak to be felt. Facile divorce encourages weak virtue, and society goes down to corruption and perdition.

IN THE LAND OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS—IV.

(Continued.)

At last we reached Panama, a city that has been so described that almost every tourist by this route is anxious to escape from its fever-laden atmosphere; but, like Lot's wife, I desired a last look at the city of destruction.

The Church of San Francisco, although tawdry in style, is, nevertheless, one of the prettiest we have yet seen. The Church of Santa Ana is dilapidated and very dirty.

PANAMA.

The city of Panama, under the new regime, is kept quite as clean as many of our Northern cities. The Grand Central Hotel would be an ornament in any town with a population of 40,000. I particularly noticed the absence of any odor which would indicate that corpses were commonly found in the hotel, notwithstanding the statement in Miss Sanborn's book to the contrary.

The Cathedral Plaza is adorned by young trees and shrubs, and in time will be very pretty. It is surrounded by the Grand Central Hotel on one side, the Bishop's Palace, the Cathedral, and the offices of the Panama Canal Company, and a Government building now being constructed. The first floor of the Bishop's palace is rented for stores.

The Government Palace is a substantial building, and in excellent repair. Without a doubt Panama is a most interesting city to visit. It has been differently represented by others. I do not question the verity of the statements concerning any period of the past; the instability of government in this section of our continent is very well known. In visiting this city one must not expect to find a Market Street, a Van Ness avenue or a Palace Hotel; neither thatched cottages nor dug-outs; but they may expect to see a city whose business portion will compare favorably with cities of the same size—forty thousand inhabitants in our Northern latitude—allowing, of course, for a difference in architecture, which is, however, by no means primitive. I cannot say more, nor can I say less; each one must see it from his own point of view and cultivated taste; but, as is well known, a cultivated taste does not necessarily insist upon any one style; it looks to the adaptation and fitness, with a view, also, for the picturesque.

Taking the cars at the pier we are soon hurried away towards Aspinwall. I could cross and re-cross the isthmus with ever-increasing delight; the vegetation is simply marvellous. What are weeds here would be rare exotics with us. We saw quite a number of deserted cabins in which these weeds had already begun to take possession. No sooner does man leave her domicile than nature begins her housekeeping again.

MORTALITY ON THE ISTHMUS

I only saw three or four small cemeteries and a few solitary graves during the whole trip across. Apparently, this is a small exhibition compared with other statements; nevertheless, I say this from actual count. We certainly have larger and more beautiful ones at the north, although this is a tropical climate and the land of the much dreaded fever. It is not to be denied that the death rate is still great, but I am obliged to accept the testimony of an occasional chance acquaintance, who may be soured or sweetened, according as he may have suffered reverses or enjoyed successes during his sojourn here. Later on I was told that it is asserted by competent authority that the death rate is very much reduced. The loss of life in the building of the railroad is no scale by which one can approximate the rate of mortality in constructing the canal. In building the railroad the way was through a dense tropical forest with low marshy district and foul emanations; about the same conditions had to be encountered at the commencement of the work on the canal; but in constructing a canal for commerce they were also unwittingly beginning a gigantic sewerage system, which drains more or less of the surrounding country; with this drainage there is more dryness and purity, with a consequent healthfulness of climate.

Another thing we should consider is the neglect that has caused many poor fellows to be placed in unmarked and unknown graves. Since the American company began work here, more attention has been given to preserve the health of the laborers; sanitariums have been built and good care and nursing offered, but the death rate is still large. Another point to consider is the recklessness of the men themselves, who are tempted, as many men generally are in such communities, to all kinds of excess or intemperance; hence another important factor in making up the mortality list. Touching this point, I can only reassert that I saw no evidence of great mortality in the form of mounds of grave-yards, enclosed or unenclosed. One thing seems evident—the cemetery is neither a park nor an object of pride to the people in this particular locality.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Concerning the Panama Canal, it seems to be the opinion of some careful and practical men that the canal can be finished in about five years, or, rather, that it may be opened for navigation in that time. Traveling in the train across the Isthmus, one would conclude that it will take from ten to fifteen years to complete the canal, and possibly even a longer time. Indeed, my own first impression from the cars was that, compared to the work to be done, the surface of the ground has only been scratched. To understand the present state of affairs of the canal, I would say that there are at least three companies working under contract. Two of these companies are French and one American, all subject to the French organization. The canal proper is about thirty-eight miles long, but, owing to the Chagres river, which, during the rainy season, overflows its banks, inundating the surrounding country, and so liable to wash away the banks of the canal, it has been found necessary to enlarge the original plan to meet this evil. So, instead of having one main channel, there are over sixty miles to the canal system, by cuts or deviations, which allow the flood waters a place to back up and so save the sides of the canal. To view the canal from the cars is bewildering. One is never certain when he sees the canal and when the Chagres river or the deviations of the canal.

GIGANTIC DREDGERS.

One of the most commanding points for viewing the canal system is to stand on one of the dredgers. These dredgers were made in New York city, I believe, and are of immense power and size. They are so large that they had to be towed from New York to Aspinwall. Sooner or later one of these dredgers must be transferred to the Pacific side. The company will not be able to float it through the canal system on account of a series of locks, which will not be ready for use; so, in all probability, it will be necessary to tow one around Cape Horn up the Pacific Coast to Panama—that is, in order to get the dredger to a point about four miles beyond, it will be necessary to take it several thousand miles around. This fact may, in a measure, help to illustrate some of the delays in the construction of the canal. There are seven engines to each dredger to supply the power which carries the buckets. There are forty-six buckets, each having a capacity of a ton. By actual observation, it took one minute for fifty-two buckets to complete a revolution. It is not to be inferred that the average amount of work done is at this rate. This is probably far above it. Much depends upon the nature of the soil. The chain which carries the buckets is made of great links; the larger ones weigh three hundred pounds each. The Canal Company intended to take more time to finish the work than is now contemplated. The change of plans is due to the pressure of the French stockholders, who desire to have some returns from their money invested. In the original plan the intention was to cut into the mountains on the western side to level them with the rest of the canal system; but, owing to the importunities of the stockholders, this plan is given up for the present, and, instead of it, eight locks will be substituted, water being pumped into the higher ones.

HOW AMERICANS EXCAVATE.

The American company has shown great perseverance and industry by dividing its force into three relays, working eight hours each, day and night, the electric light being used at night. At least twelve miles of the canal are now being navigated by steam launches, scows and dredgers; through nearly the whole of this distance it is thirty feet deep and sixty-two feet wide. One may venture to say that about two-thirds of the work on the canal has been done.

It is not to be doubted that here, as elsewhere, in gigantic enterprises there has been an immense amount of money paid for experience; but things are now being conducted on a more practical and economical basis. While it is true that millions and millions of French francs, in the shape of useless machinery, are oxidizing in these tropical woods, still it cannot be admitted that the Panama canal is a big ditch, into which the French nation dumps its surplus wealth.

ASPINWALL.

On reaching Aspinwall we went out to see the town. Here one vividly recalls the lines of Thomson—

"The hoary fen,
In putrid streams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence."

The front street is quite decent, but those at the rear are frightfully dirty; every conceivable rubbish seems to be dumped into the gutters; empty beer bottles are thicker than spades or picks. The steamers at Aspinwall lie at the pier, instead of in the roadstead, as at Panama; the result is that by the time the ship sails she is denized by thousands of mosquitoes. The first morning on ship-board was a sorrowful one; ladies were in retirement using bay rum, cold cream, cuticura and what not, but the mosquito marks persisted for days; each one had left a tablet to his memory; for days many of us floated a red polka-dot scarf. The point of land on which stands the monument to Columbus, and the house kept in constant readiness for De Lesseps, is bordered by beautiful cocoanut palms; a military guard constantly patrols the grounds, which are, however, open to the visitor.

Sailing from Aspinwall to New York, we passed in sight of Cuba, Hayti and several of the Bahamas. After an un-

eventful voyage we arrived in New York city. A few weeks in New England, and we take the same route on our return to San Francisco, tarrying, however, long enough to revisit Newport. I noticed a very marked difference in the amount of driving on Bellevue avenue; there were not as many carriages as I have seen in former times. It was gratifying to notice the absence of the display so pronounced in previous years. The carriages were as elegant, the horses as plump, with the English style of docked tails. Fast driving is not now in good taste; the horses should go about as fast as one would drive at a funeral when the cemetery is five miles away. Lap- robes have also been discarded, as the English style of livery would be concealed by them, as also the elegant costumes of the occupants of the carriages. I was particularly pleased to see but a few coats hanging down from the seats of the coachman and footman; it has always appeared as regular display. It is to be presumed, if one can afford such elegant carriages and two servants to accompany them, that they can also provide the servants with proper protection in colder weather. There has been a kind of dread lest at some time we might also see an evening dress and a pair of black trousers dangling at the back of a landau to show that the occupants have other apparel besides their riding costumes, but a cultivated taste has at last taken another step towards a higher civilization, instead of slipping again tow- baric splendor and display.

WHAT IS GAMBLING?

At last I find myself on the Pacific again. I have been much surprised that the porter of the steamship *San Blas* should publicly solicit the passengers to raffie for a gold watch, and later on, after the watch had been won by one of the stokers, the second steward started around with a paper to get people to raffie for a fan, and this, too, in the face of the fifth regulation of the ship—that "gambling is strictly prohibited." Does the question turn on our interpretation of the word "gambling"? Must it be confined to the use of cards? Is the regulation a requirement that one is not to take his chances with four, but with fifty? Does the countenancing of the porter and steward give a moral face to the question, while the passengers themselves would be unable to bend it? My moral philosophy has answered the question conclusively for me, but for the benefit of others the regulation seems to need some specifications.

At last we sight the Golden Gate; the whales, porpoises and ducks swimming and diving around us are the first to meet and reanimate us, as we glide on to our pier. I heard the strains of the familiar song "Departed Days" as we steamed on.

With many pleasant memories of these departed days of my summer trip, I have now opened to you memory's casket, which you are free to inspect, to see if I have introduced any pearls, free of duty, from the Land of the Southern Cross.

J. C. ROBBINS.

Pacific Theological Seminary.

A SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

A little lad was keeping his sheep one Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God. But what could he say? for he had never learned any prayer. So he knelt down and commenced the alphabet—A, B, C, and so on to Z. A gentleman happened to be passing on the other side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice, and, looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling with folded hands and closed eyes, saying, "A, B, C."

"What are you doing, my little man?" The lad looked up. "Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me, and help me take care of the sheep. So I thought if I said all I knew, he would put it together and spell all I want."

"Bless your heart, my little man! He will, he will! When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

The Sunday Hour.

EXPRESSIONS TO AVOID.

The list of words, phrases and expressions to be avoided by young ladies of Wellesley College includes the following: "I guess so," for I suppose so, or I think so.

"Fix things," for arrange things, or prepare things.

"The use of 'ride' and 'drive' interchangeably."

"Real good" or "real nice" for very good or really nice.

"I have studied some," for studied somewhat, or "I have not studied any," for not studied at all.

"Not as I know," for not that I know.

"Try an experiment," for make an experiment.

"Had rather," for would rather, and "had better," for would better.

The diamond fallen into the dirt is not the less vile and distressing.—*Per- sian Proverb.*

Good nature disarms enmity, allays irritation, stops even the garrulity of fault-finding. It more than half over- comes envy. A real good-natured man is the most troublesome morsel that the malign passions ever attempted to feed upon. He is the natural superior of ir- ritable persons.



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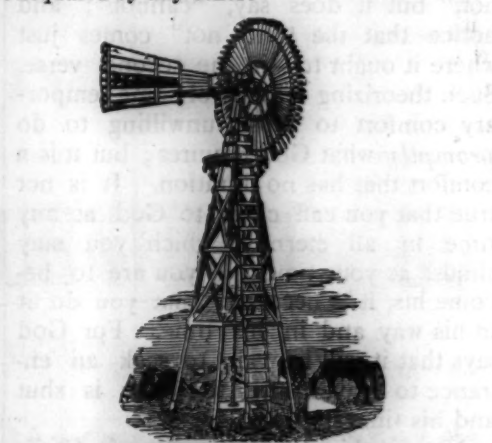


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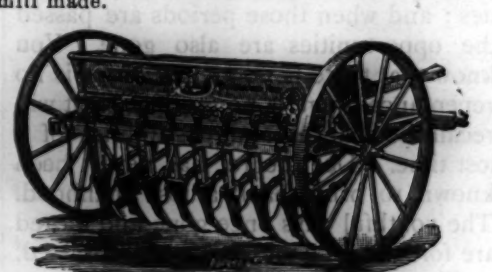
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Home Circle.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night;
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is dear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank thee, O Father, for song and for feast,
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased;
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child
But thou, in thy mercy, looked downward and smiled.

We thank thee, O Father, for all the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul-help that sad souls understand.

We thank thee, O Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to thee;
That all our eternity form, through thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above.

—Will Carleton.

MRS. WILSON'S THANKSGIVING PIES.

LILIAN MAY.

It was nearly five o'clock on the afternoon before Thanksgiving Day. Twilight was rapidly settling over a certain little New England village, while there was a frosty chill in the air, suggestive of the winter close at hand. But within Mrs. Wilson's pleasant cottage all was bright and cheerful, in strong contrast to the chilly gray world without, and the fire in the sitting-room grate cast a ruddy glow over everything in the room.

Mrs. Wilson herself was tired. She had invited a large number of friends and relatives to spend Thanksgiving with her, and all day she had been baking and sweeping, dusting furniture and cleaning silver, that all might be in apple-pie—or shall we say mince-pie order? For in the pantry were placed in a tempting row, seven freshly-baked mince pies. There were, of course, preserves and pickles, celery and cranberry sauce, and the inevitable turkey, besides numerous other dishes; but the crowning glory of the whole, was that array of mince pies. She had made them from a recipe furnished by her Aunt Julia, who had always been famous for her fine cooking, and she felt confident that they were as nice as pies could be made.

The tired housekeeper lingered a moment in the kitchen to give the finishing touches to her work; then stepping into the sitting-room, she sat down for a few minutes' rest before preparing supper.

"Let me see," she thought, "there will be cousin Emma and her four children, that is five; Edith and Frank, seven; Minnie and Bell, nine; then father, mother and Carrie, twelve; cousin Helen and her three boys, sixteen, and Aunt Julia and Clarence, eighteen, besides John and myself. Carrie promised to come over early to help me with the dinner, so I shall get along nicely. I wonder if Aunt Julia will think my cooking improved. She is such a splendid cook, I am very anxious to have everything just right. And Clarence, too, is particular about his food. But I am sorry he is growing so fond of cider. I wish he could be persuaded to give it up; if he does not, I am afraid he will want something stronger."

Clarence was Aunt Julia's youngest son, and a favorite cousin of Mrs. Wilson's. Although he was eight years her junior, he had always thought a great deal of "cousin Dora." He was a bright, promising boy, and as he grew up she had watched him with a feeling of pride, almost as if he had been a younger brother. Hence it grieved her to see him at nineteen, begin to show a fondness for that which she had learned to regard as the deadliest enemy of mankind—alcoholic drink.

"At any rate, he will get no wine or cider at my table," thought she, "and possibly I can persuade him to sign the pledge."

Here her reflections were interrupted by a light knock at the door. She hastened to admit her caller, a silver-haired, pleasant-faced lady, whose satisfaction at coming in to the cheerful fire was only exceeded by Mrs. Wilson's pleasure in welcoming her, for Mrs. Leslie was one of those sunny souls who are always welcome everywhere. She was the President of the W. C. T. U. and Mrs. Wilson was Secretary, and she had been out on an errand connected with the noble work she never wearied of helping along.

"It is a very unconventional hour for a call," she said, smiling; "but I want your opinion on a little matter that ought not to be postponed till Friday, so I stopped on my way home. Please see what you think of this little leaflet. I received it as a sample, and thought it might be desirable for our union to circulate these with our other temperance literature. If you approve of it, after examination, I authorize you to send for a few hundred copies, in time, if possible, to receive them before our next meeting. I have consulted several other members this afternoon, and they agree with me that this is a branch of work much needed."

With this, the lady handed Mrs. Wilson a small leaflet, and, after a brief chat, took her departure, leaving the latter to glance over its contents, which were easily read by the blaze of light from the grate.

One sentence caused our heroine to feel slightly uncomfortable. Under the title of "Temperance in Cooking," the little leaflet said:

"It is a fact, although not universally known, that the eating of highly seasoned food, particularly that flavored with wine, brandy, etc., is almost sure to arouse an unhealthy craving for stimulants of an alcoholic nature, and in many instances lead to the most serious results."

Now, Mrs. Wilson would have died rather than place a glass of cider on her table as a beverage, yet, in accordance with the recipe, she had stirred a generous amount into her mince pies—so anxious was she to have them "just right." She had always been in the habit of using cider, wine, etc., in her cooking, never dreaming of any ill result. But now, after reading these words, as she thought of Clarence, of her cousin Helen's boys, it must be confessed that she felt somewhat uneasy.

While considering the matter, she was sitting in a large easy chair in front of the grate, facing the kitchen door.

"I wonder if it is true," mused she, "that I have been making a mistake. It does not seem possible that the small quantity of cider in those pies could do any harm. If I thought—but hark! what that noise be? Oh dear! I hope it isn't a tramp! Did I leave the door unlocked, I wonder?"

Listening more intently she noticed that the sound came from the direction of the pantry, a whispering, and a clattering of tins.

"Some one is certainly in the pantry!" she concluded, her nervousness increasing every moment. Should she dare to go and see?

Stepping cautiously toward the kitchen, she hesitated a moment. Suddenly the whispering grew to loud talking, and through the half-open kitchen door, Mrs. Wilson saw a most remarkable sight.

Her beloved mince pies, the source of so much pride and perplexity, were hurrying from the pantry into the kitchen, not in somebody's hands, as she had feared, but on their own feet! They appeared to be excited and disturbed about something, and were all talking at once. Finally, they grew more quiet, as the leader (the largest pie) climbed with great agility upon the kitchen table, and addressed them as follows:

FELLOW PIES: We have all observed with consternation the fact that we are in a temperance house! How we came to be baked in such an uncongenial atmosphere, neither you nor I can understand. But here we are. Without our wine or champagne bottle; without even a jug of cider to keep us in countenance; here we are, seven disconsolate subjects of King Alcohol. But I declare, fellow pies—and I am sure you can uphold me in this—that no more loyal subjects ever lived. [Cheers and applause.] We, or our relations, which amounts to the same thing, have been the indirect cause of more intemperance and drunkenness than any other article of food ever cooked. And few have suspected us. They have given credit to the 'first glass of wine,' or the 'cider which was made at home,' but entirely overlooked us.

"Why, I know of three or four men in this very town who are being rapidly graduated in the drunkard's education, and they all began with us. Sometimes we are found in temperance homes, but"—glancing around—"very seldom we appear in the home of a W. C. T. U. worker. I, for one, have such an instinctive horror of these white ribbon people, our greatest enemies, that my blood boils as I think of it. And I am sure," he continued eloquently, "that no Pie, with a vestige of the spirit of King Alcohol within his crust, will consent, even for a single night, to remain in such a place."

At this the other Pies loudly applauded, and for a moment there was again quite an uproar in the dimly lighted kitchen.

"Let us hasten immediately," resumed the large Pie, with emphatic gesture. "Let us leave this house and go where we shall be rightly appreciated; where we shall have for our congenial associates other faithful subjects of our powerful monarch, such as the foaming glasses of beer, cider or wine; and where Thanksgiving Day is passed, as all holidays should be, in festive mirth and gaiety."

As the speaker concluded his remarks, there was another enthusiastic burst of applause, and the pies immediately began to form in line, the orator descending from his impromptu platform, and placing himself at the head of the procession. As they marched toward the hall, past the astonished Mrs. Wilson, she saw that they each carried a small banner, or flag, inscribed, "Alcohol." Stepping after them, to keep them in sight, she was startled with loud shouts of, "Down with temperance!" and, "Long live King Alcohol!"

Indignant at hearing such sentiments expressed in her house, Mrs. Wilson attempted to protest against them, but in the effort to speak, she awoke and found herself still sitting in the easy chair, and the clock just striking six. The fire was rapidly dying out, and the room quite dark. Not a pie was to be seen. But after lighting a lamp and replenishing a fire, she had to go into the pantry, and look at the seven mince pies, peacefully reposing in a row on the shelf before she could quite persuade herself that it had been all a dream.

While preparing supper, her thoughts were busier than ever; and to some purpose, too; for that evening, when the dishes had been cleared away, our friend went to the desk in the sitting-room corner, and taking up her pen, wrote an order for three hundred of the leaflets on "Temperance in Cooking." "And I will see that they are well circulated, too," she said to her husband, after telling him her dream.

What finally became of the pies I don't know, but one thing is certain, they did not make their appearance on Mrs. Wilson's Thanksgiving dinner table. Nor did any of the kind ever appear on her table from that time forth. Although she afterward made mince pies which even her Aunt Julia pronounced faultless, they were free from the slightest trace of cider. Mrs. Wilson had decided that she did not wish to entertain again any of King Alcohol's subjects.—Union Signal.

THE HOMELESS SINGER.

On a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside.

Tears filled the good man's eyes, as he said: "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was open to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who, "Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake!"

"Come in, my little one," said he; "you shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God!" and entered. He was given some supper, and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep, they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant face that they determined to keep him, if he was willing.

In the morning they found he was only too glad to remain. They sent him to school, and afterwards he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, from which he learned the way of life. He became the great preacher and reformer, Martin Luther. Little did Conrad and Ursula think of what they were doing when they cared for this "least of these my brethren!"

PREACHING.

Francis of Assisi once stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery, and laying his hand on the shoulder of a young monk, said:

"Brother, let us go down into the town and preach."

So they went forth, the venerable father and the young man, conversing as they went.

They wound their way down the principal streets, 'round the lowly alleys and lanes, and even to the outskirts of the town, and to the village beyond, till they found themselves back at the monastery again.

Then said the young monk, "Father, when shall we begin to preach?"

And the father looked kindly down upon his son, and said:

"My child, we have been preaching; we were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen, looked at; our behavior has been remarked; and so we have delivered a morning sermon. Ah! my son, it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach, unless we preach as we walk."—Paxton Hood.

BE A MAN.

Not of the "dude" species.

Not of the kind that stands on street corners.

Not of the kind that prides himself on being a "masher."

Not of the kind that sneers at the idea of personal purity.

Not of the kind that sneers at the Church.

Not of the kind that thinks Christians a mild sort of fools.

Not of the kind that owes the tailor, liverman and everybody else.

Not of the kind that is a connoisseur of whiskey.

Not one of the "yes, yes" kind.

Not of the kind that calls mother "old woman," and father "old man."

Not of the ignorant infidel brood.

Not of the coward kind.

Not of the iceberg variety.

Not of the "I can't" tribe.

Not of the kind that is better acquainted with pool than the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy.

Not of the evading, scuffling, shuffling-through-life kind, "having no hope and without God in the world."—Watchman.

A MIDSHPMAN'S CHEST.

Each chest contains all the worldly possessions of one officer, which, thus packed, are as inaccessible as they well can be. Immediately under the lid are three or four shallow trays. One of these is fitted as a washstand, with basin, mug, soap-dish and receptacle for tooth-brushes. Another till is a sort of loose box for everything, while a third contains a miscellaneous collection of neckties, handkerchiefs, pipes, money and a limited stock of jewelry. Under these trays, and packed more or less tidily, according to the tendencies of the marine servant who "looks after" each young gentleman are his uniforms, suits of plain clothes, boots, linen and articles of haberdashery. After this explanation, my readers will not find it difficult to understand why the expression, "everything on top and nothing at hand, like a midshipman's chest," is commonly applied to any chaotic disarrangement on board ship.—St. Nicholas for November.

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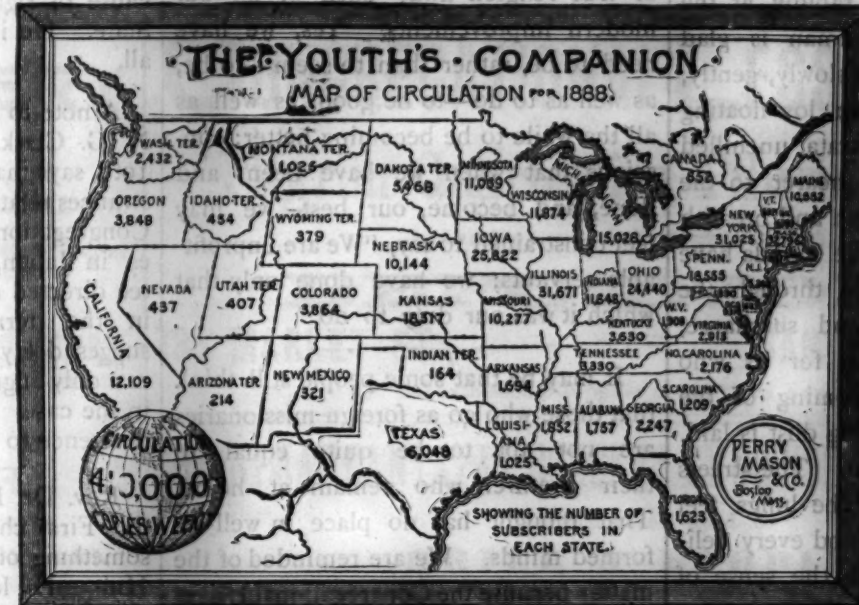
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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1888

"The quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven, Upon the place beneath."

Now the people of our Coast have been receiving "the gentle rain from heaven" several days, as the opening of our rainy season. That the rain came, not with gust and wind and storm and violence, as it sometimes comes, introducing the winter, may be accounted a mercy, too; and so we have a mercy in the rain itself and another in the method of its coming. The soils have been hardened by the long months of waiting and endurance. They cannot drink in the very rains they need rapidly at the first, and so the husbandman is glad when the early rains fall slowly, gently, in finest drops, and from low-floating clouds in atmospheric strata, unchilled by the ices glittering up nearer to the stars. Over all the length and breadth of our Pacific empire the clouds have rolled their fleecy masses through the air in a continual drip and surcharge, yet without a burst. Even for us who are "in cities pent" the coming of the rains is a boon. The flying dust is laid. The air is washed clean. The streets and sewers are flushed. The lungs feel a new touch of softness, and every delicate surface is eased of the sense of harshness and irritation. So, existence is easier for us all since the rain has come, and life has more promise in it, and exertion is readier, and the possibilities of toil are greatly multiplied.

It is gratifying to hear through our Portland friends that the good people of that city are alive to the situation, and are making preparation in various ways, for the coming of Mr. Moody to the chief city of Oregon. We presume that due preparation will be made in this city also. It would be a wonderful gain if the churches of this metropolis could be so morally toned, religiously stirred, and so genuinely stimulated, inspired and inspired, that a "revival" should seem to precede rather than to follow the labor of the evangelist. There are preliminary activities, and workable organizations, that are as necessary in a sacred campaign as in a civil one; and these will not wear themselves out if they are entered on with deliberation and care are more practicable than they can be when the expectancy is urgent, and hurry precipitates mistakes. Are there not already among us some signs of celestial approach?

How many worthy ends would a great revival of religion insure, which should fill our churches with multitudes of the young—of the young men particularly—and of the young men, most of all, who would be ready, in due time, to fill up the thinned and thinning ranks of the Christian ministry! The cry of all missionary societies in these times is for men; for men rather than for money; for men as a means of raising money. Given, all the men that could be profitably employed, it is believed that the needed money would not long be wanting. The number of students in seminaries does not keep pace with the growing demands of the churches, much less with the demands of the wide, wide world. How many hundreds, next spring, will our churches find ready to prepare for the ministry, and themselves ready to send into the schools of preparation, and through them, and out into the scene of hallowed toil?

A very large majority of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, at the late session, passed vigorous resolutions against the policy of the present Government regarding Ireland. Some influential men entered a remonstrance against this mixing of the Union in politics. Among these was Dr. Dale of Birmingham. He is greatly interested in the educational question now agitating England, and thinks that non-conformists had better not alienate the unionists now connected with the Salisbury administration, for they might need the union-

ist help in resisting the policy of the Commissioners of Education, which now too much favors denominational schools.

There has been an ordination of a young man lately in New England who is going out into the missionary field, sustained by the funds of a single church. We regard this as a hopeful sign. The Missionary Boards have a great work to do, and should be fully sustained and much enlarged. But the world is wide, and fields are open which no Board can enter. There ought to be missionary colonies, missionary families and missionary individuals continually going with their own funds, to do work in their own way, wherever they see an "effectual door" opened to them. And those who, for any reason, cannot work to advantage under a Board, should make haste to go to work in the best other way they can find, or find out. All such persons should demonstrate, by results, that their individual methods are the best for them.

It is rather refreshing to hear such an ancient as Marcus Aurelius say (what we have often said, and have all of us fancied that it was an original saying with us), "No longer talk about the kind of man that a good man ought to be, but be such." In our pride of "progress" we sometimes forget that some of our ancestors might have known even more than we do; and that there was a great deal of true religion away back of all our modern improvements. Yes, we have need to be, rather than to seem—to be, as well as to do—to be good, as well as all the while to be becoming better; conscious that when we have been, and done, and become, our best, we may feel constrained to say, "We are unprofitable servants; we have done only that which it was our duty to do."

It may be that some people still think that those who go as foreign missionaries are not apt to be quite equal to their brethren who remain at home. That thought has no place in well-informed minds. We are reminded of the matter because the Congregational Union of England and Wales elected as their Chairman for the current year Rev. Griffith John of Hankow, China; but he is so much absorbed in his work there that he does not feel it right for him to accept the honor. The Rev. Dr. Falding was put in his place.

The non-conformists in Wales have been strongly agitated since the late Church Congress on account of the attitude taken by speakers in that convention as to the rates collected from them in the principality, to be expended, not merely for the Established Church in Wales, but for purposes of that Church in England also. The Established Church has a small hold among Welshmen, and it is a sore point to be taxed for a form of religion which they do not approve.

A reporter who lately heard Phillips Brooks says that there was almost a touch of scorn in the way he alluded to the people who could give a cut-and-dried opinion on "Robert Elsmere," and who were absolutely ignorant of the prophets and teacher, of the Old and New Testaments. "Study your Bible," he said, "and let your novel go—at least until you have become familiar with the great truths of John and Paul and the other Scripture writers!"

Mrs. Booth, wife of Marshal Ballington, Booth who commands the Salvation Army in the United States, is expected in the city this week. She is advertised to speak Monday, November 26th, at 2:30 o'clock P. M., in the First M. E. church, on Powell street, on "The Relation of the Salvation Army to the Churches," and at 7:30 o'clock of the same day in the First Presbyterian church, on Van Ness avenue, on "The World's Cry, and the Salvation Army's Answer." Marshal Booth, her husband, is the second son of General Booth, the founder and leader of the movement. She is the daughter of Rev. Mr. Charlesworth, a minister of the Church of England. She has had long experience in Salvation Army work, having labored with the General's daughter several years in France and Switzerland.

Of the sixty-three men elected to the various offices in New York city on November 6th, 16 are liquor-dealers, 14 lawyers, 14 professional politicians, and 1 is a brewer—45 out of the 63. The Tammany Democrats won, and this is the result in the great metropolis. To complete the infamous picture we should like to get the nationality of these city officials. What were the good citizens in New York about on election day? Evidently, they were partisans; they were fighting each other in old party lines, instead of uniting their forces to win a grand municipal victory over an united foe. Shame on them! Let the Independent make no more flings at San Francisco, until it can make a better showing at home.

The *Advance* of last week says "Rev. J. L. Atkinson, one of our missionaries in Japan, writes in the *PACIFIC*, published at San Francisco." Well, it is marvelous that the *Advance* has discovered that there is such a paper published in this city—a paper that began its existence in 1851, long before the *Advance* was born, and that has done its work steadily ever since. One would hardly suppose, from the number of allusions to or quotations from it that the young men in the *Advance* office knew that the Congregational churches on this Coast supported a newspaper. Possibly they would not have sent over a big bundle of their papers to be circulated in the meeting of our last General Association at Alameda if they had been better informed. You issue a fine paper, dear brethren; we read it and quote from it. But we have a paper of our own which we work for the most and love the best. THE *PACIFIC* is published in San Francisco, dear *Advance*; you have found it out; now don't forget it. It is here to stay; it is your older brother.

General O. O. Howard has been ordered to the command of the Division of the Atlantic, with headquarters at New York. General Nelson A. Miles is the successor of General Howard in command of the Division of the Pacific. This may be a pleasant change to General Howard and his family, but it is a matter of deep regret to thousands of good people on this Coast. This good man has done most effective Christian work while with us; he has always been ready for every good word and work. We know of no other man in the country who can make good his loss to the cause of righteousness in this city and State. He is respected and beloved by all.

A note to Agent E. P. Flint from Sec. N. G. Clark, dated Boston, November 10th, says that, "in view of various remonstrances relating to the plan of union of Congregational and Presbyterian churches in Japan, the Prudential Committee directed a cablegram sent this day in the terms following: 'Committee suggest delay final action on union.' We can only suggest, as we have no authority in the case. We send cablegram out of deference to our friends."

Rev. Dr. Duryea accepts the call of the First church in Omaha. This is something of a surprise to many at the Hub. He leaves the rich, aristocratic Central church in Boston, whose benevolent contributions last year, by the Year Book, were \$43,778, for a Western town and a church that cannot be near as strong. We are glad he has done it. We would have welcomed him even nearer the Golden Gate.

President-elect Harrison has family prayers, goes to church and prayer-meeting, remembers the Sabbath day to keep it holy, gives orders that his Sunday mail shall not be delivered until Monday morning. It is our hope that he will use his best endeavor in the high position to which he has been raised to stop the running of mail trains on the Sabbath, and all post-office work.

Letters often come to this office something like this: "We like THE *PACIFIC* much and have taken it for years; but altered circumstances compel us to stop taking it—please discontinue." Will those who have money send us the means to continue the paper to just such people?

The vote for Mayor in the recent election in New York city stands as follows: Grant (Tammany), 111,740; Erhardt (Republican), 72,644; Hewitt (County Democracy), 70,538. The Harrison electors had 105,750 in the city.

Mr. Gladstone presented to a church in Flintshire the money he received for his reply to Robert G. Ingersoll.

A WORD FROM EASTERN WASHINGTON.

There is at the present time much railroad building in Washington Territory—main lines and branches. A larger immigration have found homes in its borders than in any past year. Eastern Washington is showing all the signs of permanent growth, both in bringing into cultivation the fertile soil, developing mines, and building towns and cities. The newcomers are brimful of enterprise, and many of them are ready to help build school-houses and churches. The ministers and churches of the Congregational order are wide awake, and are building wisely and energetically for Christ and righteousness. So are other denominations. Rev. R. A. Beard, the new Superintendent of Home Missions for the Territory, is getting grandly into the work east of the Cascade mountains, as well as in Western Washington, where he resides. General Missionary Walters finds enough work for two men in his field. Rev. Samuel Greene and Deacon G. R. Andrus are working patiently but effectively in establishing Sunday-schools in their respective parts of the Territory. The various pastors and supplies are laboring with all their might to do needed work in their own churches and communities, and looking wistfully into the outlying districts, where there are none to do the work so much needed. Whitman College, the Christian school for all these churches, is prospering more than ever before, with its nearly 150 students; but is doing a large work upon a small, too small, an endowment. The hand of God is manifest in the building up of this new commonwealth.

A. J. A.

FROM PORTLAND, OREGON.

A very worthy organization among the little folks here has been in existence for some time, about which but little is heard. I refer to the Children's Flower Mission. Its work is to distribute flowers among the sick, particularly at the public hospitals, of which there are three in the city—St. Vincent's, Good Samaritan and the Portland. The first is the oldest, and under control of the Catholic Church, and averages about 110 patients. The second—Episcopal—has on an average about 45 patients. The third was established during the present year under the auspices of the Methodist Church. Each hospital, however, is open to all classes, without distinction. The Flower Mission is composed of children of all churches and no church, and its gentle ministries are bestowed upon all suffering ones alike. A short time since it held a festival in the lecture-room of the Calvary Presbyterian church, which netted \$107.

The meeting of delegates from all Christian Endeavor Societies and the pastors of churches, for the purpose of organizing a society for "organized charity," referred to in letter of 4th inst., did not take place until Monday evening of the past week, and was held in the parlors of the First Congregational church. Rev. Ross C. Houghton, D.D., pastor of the Grace M. E. church, having been voted to the Chair, the meeting was opened with song and prayer. In reply to the Chairman, Mr. W. G. Steel explained the proposed plan and method of work, the object of the society being to stamp out the tramp nuisance, and to help those really in need of relief, either temporary or permanent. Instead of money a ticket is given to an applicant for relief, after satisfactory information has been obtained regarding the applicant's situation, which enables him or her to obtain a meal or lodging at the society's quarters. The work, he said, is carried on purely on non-sectarian grounds, regardless of color, race or nationality. This system of work has for some time been carried on in the East, and it is needless to say that it has reaped and bestowed a great blessing in the various large cities where it is in active working order.

Rev. Mr. Clapp asked if there was any organization of this kind in the city, or whether the Ladies' Relief Society did not cover this ground of work, in reply to which, Mr. Thos. H. Strong said he had inquired into the working of the Ladies' Relief Society, and found that the work and help of the Society was confined more to the helping of the poor and needy in our homes, and not to mendicants. He thought it necessary that an organization as proposed should be started.

Dr. Houghton then made a few remarks on the usefulness of the Society, and said in reference to the societies of Cleveland, St. Louis and Indianapolis, it was surprising how the tramps vanished when the societies started. Remarks on the organization took place when Rev. Mr. Clapp suggested that this work might be included in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. A slight discussion then took place by Messrs. Strong, Steel and Coke, who thought this should and ought to be a distinct work from the Young Men's Christian Association, as a number of people who do not and will not give money or help to religious institutions would give help if conducted as a separate institution.

In order to give a practical turn to the meeting, Rev. T. E. Clapp, Messrs. W. G. Steel, T. N. Strong, Wm. Wadhams and Rev. W. W. Logan were appointed by the Chair as a committee to see the prominent business men, and bring the subject and plans of work before their notice, and make report at an adjourned meeting to be held Monday evening, November 26th, at which time it is expected that a large number of prominent business men of the city will be present, and some definite plan of organization adopted.

When Mr. Moody left here a few weeks ago, he said he would return here when wanted. The committee then appointed to take the matter of revival meetings in charge, through its Chairman, Rev. T. E. Clapp, and Secretary, Mr. C. W. Beers of the Young Men's Christian Association, have notified Mr. Moody, who is now at Seattle, that December 5th has been fixed as the date for beginning his work here. The details will be reported hereafter.

A note received here by a friend of Mr. League, General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at New Westminster, British Columbia, says that upwards of sixty professed conversions during the short time Mr. Moody held meetings there. Your good deacon of the First church, Mr. L. B. Benchley, gave us of the First church, Portland, the pleasure of his presence at our worship this morning. Deacon E. D. Smith and his wife of Menasha, Wisconsin, were also in church this morning. They just came up from your city, and are spending a few days with their old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Fay, formerly of Appleton, Wisconsin, before returning home. Mr. Benchley is here on business connected with the contract for our first cable road, recently entered into by Mr. G. W. Lynch of your city.

Miss M. A. Hodgdon, the Assistant Superintendent of the First church Sabbath-school, returned from the East during the week, and was in her accustomed place to-day, much to the delight of all connected with the school. She has been absent several months, most of which time was spent in the vicinity of Boston, although she paid short visits to New York and other cities.

Pastor Clapp gave us a strong and helpful sermon from Psalms xxxvii: 4: "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." What are the desires of our hearts? The epicure, the ascetic, the stoic, each gives us his prescription to answer the question, but to test it is to prove its failure. Here we take David's prescription—that of an old man, the result of a long life of experience, some of it very sinful and bitter. He had it proved, and we could safely take him at his word, and shun the folly of his earlier life. Throughout, the sermon was practical and pointed, and full of good things which cannot fail to impress many who heard with a desire for a better life. God grant that it may be so. HISME.

November 18, 1888.

LIQUOR DEALERS' METHODS.

The following circulars show how liquor-dealers work to prevent any disturbance of their nefarious business. They have fastened themselves upon us; they have thousands among us by the throat, and they will brook no interference on the part of good citizens who would prohibit or diminish their cruel work. The first circular was sent to the nominees of the different parties. The second was sent to many thousands of voters of their sort:

LEAGUE OF FREEDOM, RETAIL GROCERS' PROTECTIVE UNION, WHOLESALE LIQUOR-DEALERS' ASSOCIATION, BREWERS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION—OFFICE, 536 KEARNEY STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1888.

Mr. Candidate for—, DEAR SIR: The State Constitution, Article XI, section 11, provides that: "Any county, city, town or township may make and enforce within its limits all such local, police, sanitary and other regulations as are not in conflict with general laws." Now we frankly ask of you, as a candidate for—, of this city and county, whether, if elected, you will favor the passage of any and all enactments restricting or prohibiting the sale at wholesale and retail of wines, malt and spirituous liquors, or of such enactments imposing excessive or exorbitant licenses on the said sale of such liquors; or whether, on the other hand, you will oppose the passage of any and all such enactments. Please call at our office, 536 Kearney street, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M., and explain your position. Respectfully yours,

R. J. HARRISON, Pres.

L. F. DOLDER, Rec. Sec.

League of Freedom.

LEAGUE OF FREEDOM, RETAIL GROCERS' PROTECTIVE UNION, WHOLESALE LIQUOR-DEALERS' ASSOCIATION, BREWERS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION—OFFICE, 536 KEARNEY STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 1888.

Dear Sir: We desire all who are opposed, as free men, to discriminating an oppressive license, prohibition, local option or other sumptuary laws, to scrutinize carefully this circular of information, and carefully note the names of those candidates for office which are given below. We also call your attention (excepting judicial nominees) to candidates on the Prohibition ticket, with the hope that you will not vote for them either. All candidates whose names are not on this circular and not on the Prohibition ticket are considered friendly and in sympathy with the interests and aims of the above Associations; and, without wishing to influence your party preferences, we desire you in your own interest to vote only for those candidates friendly and in sympathy with us.

R. J. HARRISON, Pres.

L. F. DOLDER, Rec. Sec.

League of Freedom.

Here follow the names of twelve Democratic nominees for office, ten Republican nominees and four non-partisan (six other non-partisan nominees were also named, but they are here counted, one in the Democratic list and five in the Republican) "who did not sign the agreement with the League of Freedom." Three Democratic nominees, three Republican and one non-partisan are also named who "signed the high license petition of January 12, 1886." It will be seen that more Democratic nominees than Republicans by two were put upon the black list, as those who would not sign the circular. A few of the nominees against whom these organizations worked were elected, but the much larger part was defeated.

SOQUEL CHURCH IMPROVEMENTS.

Our church, closed for repairs for three weeks, was opened again last Sabbath. Re-dedication services were held in the morning and a praise service in the evening to express the joy and gladness of many hearts on account of the gratifying transformation which has taken place in the interior of our church. The audience room, which before was plain and uninviting, has become, under the artist's hand, a cheerful and attractive place. The whole work of ornamentation was designed and executed by Mr. Degener, of Santa Cruz, and is highly complimented by all who have seen it.

These much needed improvements were brought about largely through the untiring efforts of two efficient ladies, who stirred up the people to contribute to the object. With these marked and pleasing changes in our place of meeting, we anticipate improved attendance, and we hope to see better spiritual results.

Nine hundred miles of railway are now in operation in Egypt.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

WOMAN'S STATE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY
President, Mrs. J. K. McLean, 520 Thirteenth street, Oakland.
Treasurer, Mrs. J. M. Haven, Highland Park, Oakland.
Secretary, Mrs. Mary L. F. Eastman, 516 Valencia street, San Francisco.
New societies being formed, please report themselves at once to the Secretary of the W. S. H. M.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

From Susanville Rev. F. H. Adams writes: "I arrived here Wednesday evening. Mr. Burnie I found waiting at the hotel for me, where he had secured a room. I went with him to the church to meet a house full of people, who had gathered together and had prepared a nice supper, to which you may be sure I did ample justice after a forty-mile stage ride in what we would call a cold afternoon. I had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Mr. Howell, our minister at Adin, and Rev. Mr. Paddock, the Methodist minister at this place. I have hardly had time to make up my mind as to the prospects of the work here. They seem now to be just about what I expected when I left home."

The lack of housework will compel the church to put improvements on the parsonage, so as to make it habitable and comfortable for the pastor, and steps are being taken to bring it about at once. We congratulate minister and people on the warm-hearted way they have met, and the evident disposition for cordial co-operation in the work before them.

Weaverville, in Trinity county, and adjoining towns, settlements, etc., have been without any preacher for over a year and a half, the Rev. Mr. Bowler being the last minister in charge. His memory is still cherished by his Trinity county parishioners with great respect, and, doubtless, to this is due, in a great measure, the kindly feeling and reception extended to the new minister, who has just gone to them in the true missionary spirit—the Rev. Francis King.

Brother King writes: "I arrived here Saturday evening, October 27th, after eight days' constant drive home in Lake county. I had an announcement published in the *Journal* two weeks before that I should hold on the 28th a meeting of the children and friends interested in Sunday-school work, and preach at night. I did so; had a goodly number of children and friends in attendance, talked to them on Sunday-school work and organization, telling them that I should organize the following Sunday. I preached at night to about 175 people on relations of pastor and people. On the following Sunday I organized a school of fifty-three children and seven teachers, and preached to about 150 people. The work is now well under way. We organized last Wednesday a Ladies' Congregational Aid Society. Subscriptions are coming in. I am very well received. There is, however, a great indifference on the part of many to religious matters. There must be active, energetic, persistent work done here. A siege must be laid, and the forces must be supported. * * * I have good courage; the people are sociable and the children very much interested."

Brother King has the whole county for his parish—he being the only Protestant minister in that section. We are glad to learn that he is encouraged by the help and co-operation of a few leading families in Weaverville. With "tact and grace" he cannot fail of success, and we expect soon to hear of good results in connection with his labors.

It is with extreme sorrow that Rev. W. W. Pringle feels obliged to retire from active work in the ministry for a time, at least, on account of impaired health. He has gone East. His place in Murphys, Angels Camp and other stations will be permanently supplied by the Rev. D. Goodsell, who will begin his labors there next Sunday.

In Rev. J. Campbell's quarterly report there are notes like this: "This, like the last report, is pre-eminently one of thanksgiving and praise to God for varied blessings and help in person and work—giving health through the hot weather; opening varied avenues for usefulness; providing ways and means to improve these openings, and especially in removing all obstacles, or finding a way to overpass them. * * * In regard to work on my fields, I may briefly state that the usual preaching services have been kept up at Fall City, Burney Valley, Cayton Valley and Hot Creek, besides a new Sunday-school and service at Little Hot Springs Valley, twenty miles from Fall City. There are thirteen families in that valley, with a day school, without any religious help except the Sunday-school and the monthly service. In Hot Creek, Burney, Goose and Canyon Valleys I visited every house in reach on horseback or afoot, carrying the Gospel as far as possible in spirit, word and printed page, receiving a very warm welcome by all, even Roman Catholics. * * * Now that the hurry of harvest and election stir is over, I am planning and praying to go on with a church building in Fall City. The ladies are laying all sorts of plans to make money for the new building. I shall write more fully when I have time—very busy."

At present nearly all of the employees of the Government of Japan wear European clothes, and this is required in many cases. The clothes worn are well-fitting, and, as a rule, of good cut; but they make the little Japanese forms look smaller than ever, and the people are more handsome in their loose, flowing gowns, belted in with a girdle at the hips.

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

Rev. C. M. Blake addressed the Club last Monday on "Family Religion." Rev. Dr. Bothwell is expected to address the Club at its meeting next Monday.

Last Sunday was a good day at the First church in this city. Pastor Barrows preached an excellent sermon in the morning on "The Goodness of God." At night he gave the first of a series of Sunday evening lectures on "The Seven Churches of Asia."

Rev. Dr. Creagan addressed a good congregation at the Third church Sabbath morning.

Rev. C. R. Hill of San Mateo filled the pulpit of Bethany church. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Pond, preached at San Mateo, and gives a good report of the work there.

Rev. J. F. Culver has started the Sabbath-school and evening service in his field of labor. The meetings are held at present at 707 Devisadero street.

Miss Daughaday, whose letters in THE PACIFIC have been so enjoyed by our readers, is on her way back to Japan. She and Miss Ida V. Smith, who goes out to be connected with the nurses' school at Kyoto, are expected in this city this week and to sail by the steamer on the 28th. Rev. C. R. Hager will go on the same steamer.

There will be an important meeting of the San Francisco County Association of Sunday-School Workers at Central M. E. church, Mission street, between Sixth and Seventh, November 22d, at 7:30 P. M. Let all interested attend. The subject of employing an evangelist in this department of church work will be discussed. Other important business will be attended to. All pastors, officers and teachers especially invited.

C. V. ANTHONY, Pres.
J. W. BUTLER, Sec.

General Howard met his Bible class for the last time last Sunday afternoon. It was full, and sad at the parting. The class presented him with a beautiful Bible, which, at his request, will contain the names of the donors, with selected texts. General Howard and family will leave on Friday of this week for New York. A leave-taking reception will be held in the First church on Thursday evening, under the auspices of the Hospital Fund Society. It will be a large gathering.

Rev. George B. Allen is supplying the union church at San Lorenzo. He finds a very pleasant people there and considerable interest in the church services and Sabbath-school, which are well attended.

"A Grateful Feeling in Laboring for Others" was the topic on which Professor Moor discoursed last Sabbath.

"Prepare to meet thy God" was the solemn text on which Pastor Cooke addressed his people in the Golden Gate church, Oakland.

Rev. W. W. Scudder preached a missionary sermon in the Alameda church Sabbath morning, and Rev. Dr. Creagan of the A. B. C. F. M. did likewise at night.

Rev. G. M. Spencer occupied the Martinez pulpit last Sabbath.

Rev. J. Spencer Voorhees has accepted the invitation of the Green-street church to supply their pulpit for six months.

Rev. C. R. Hager of China is again in this city, en route to his field of labor, to which he expects to start next week. Sabbath before last he spent in San Bernardino, and reports the work progressing nicely there under the care of our good brother, Rev. E. C. Oakley.

The pastor of the church at Benicia on last Sabbath evening presented the substance of the discussion in the late conference at Vacaville on "The Principles Underlying the Use of Public Conveyances on the Sabbath Day."

PUBLICATION OF THE MINUTES.—Responses the last week have been received from the following churches: San Mateo, \$4.00; Pescadero, \$2.00; Grass Valley, \$8.90; Murphys, \$1.70.

H. H. WIKOFF,
Chairman Com.

Sonoma, Nov. 19, 1888.

SAN JOSE.—A novel social was given at the parlors of the Congregational church last Friday evening. Each guest on entering found themselves in an ante-room, the only exit being over scales which had been provided. After their weight had been declared, they were allowed to enter the parlor, paying for the privilege one quarter of a cent a pound of their weight. Refreshments were served free. Considering the rain, there was an excellent attendance.

SAN JOSE W. C. T. U.—At the last monthly meeting of the W. C. T. U. the Treasurer presented the following report: Receipts from coffee house in October, \$1,203.05; disbursements for coffee house, \$1,000.50; net profits, \$202.55. The President of the Woman's Exchange reported that the Exchange was doing well. One hundred and forty dollars had been received the past month on the sale of articles. They are now preparing for a grand fair early in December.

Rev. E. F. Dinsmore has been appointed Sunday-school Superintendent for Northern California by the Congregational Sunday-school and Publication Society.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

PRESBYTERIAN.—There were three additions to the Woodbridge church at the last communion.—St. John's church

in this city is worshipping in the hall, No. 1605 Polk street, until the new building is completed.

METHODIST.—Special services are being held by Revs. Tuttle and Hazen in Sonoma county.

METHODIST SOUTH.—The Santa Rosa ladies realized \$105.85 by a dinner on election day.—A Parsonage Extension Society has been organized in Sacramento.

EPISCOPAL.—Substantial improvements have been made in the rectory in Vallejo.—A very fine stained glass window has been given to St. Paul's, Sacramento.

COUNCIL AT SAN MATEO.

Pursuant to letters missive sent out by the First Congregational church of San Mateo, a Council convened in that church November 13th for the examination of Rev. C. Rowland Hill for ordination and installation as pastor of that church. The Council was called to order at 4:30 P. M. by Rev. Professor Geo. Moor, who read the letter missive calling the Council. Rev. Dr. J. H. Warren was chosen Moderator. The Moderator read the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah, and led in an earnest prayer for God's blessing on the proceedings. Rev. J. Spencer Voorhees was chosen Scribe. The following churches and persons constituted the Council: Bethany church, San Francisco—Pastor, Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond; delegate, Frank J. Felt. First church, San Jose—Pastor, Rev. C. W. Hill. Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland—Pastor, Rev. Professor George Moor; also Rev. Dr. J. H. Warren and Rev. J. Spencer Voorhees. Rev. C. Rowland Hill read the proceedings of the church and of the Board of Trustees relating to his call to become the pastor of the church. At the request of the Moderator or Mr. Hill gave an account of his religious experiences and of his Christian work, and of his call to the ministry. Following this he made a brief statement of his religious beliefs. The Moderator and other members of the Council questioned the candidate at length as to his call to the ministry and his doctrinal beliefs and his views of pastoral work. The Council voted unanimously that the records of the church and the examination of the candidate were satisfactory, and that they proceed to the ordination and installation services in the evening. The Council took a recess until 8 o'clock. The members were invited to the parlors of the church, where an abundant collation was served by the ladies.

The church was well filled at the services in the evening, and the exercises were unusually interesting. The decorations of the church, made and arranged by the ladies, were beautiful beyond description. Every window in the church was enwreathed with flowers and evergreens; on either side of the platform were large vases of ferns and elaborate bouquets of flowers; standing against the pulpit, in front, was a ladder of roses; against the pulpit on the right a floral cross, and against it on the left an anchor of flowers and ferns. Above it was a crown. These emblems, suggesting aspiration, consecration, steadfastness and the hope of glory of this church, added much to the beauty and impressiveness of the services.

The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. J. Spencer Voorhees. The ordaining prayer was by Rev. Professor George Moor; right hand of fellowship, by Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond; charge to the pastor, Rev. C. W. Hill; charge to the people, Rev. Dr. J. H. Warren; benediction by the pastor.

During the past year the church has expended nearly \$1,500 in repairing and beautifying the property, and reported all debts paid and nearly \$100 in the treasury.

REVIVAL AT VERNON.

The Lord has blessed the church in Vernon, near Los Angeles, with his presence in converting power. For several weeks there had been a deepening spiritual interest in the church. The pastor, Rev. C. S. Uzzell, preached a series of Sabbath sermons on the work of the Holy Spirit, and held after each a fifteen minutes' meeting of prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit. The unconverted would wait with the church at these meetings, and some signified their desire to begin a Christian life. Then the church appointed a week of prayer. It was held the first week in October. It was conducted with prayer and song, a gospel talk by the pastor—then an after-meeting for inquirers. From the beginning the Spirit was present with power. The church was greatly quickened. Many of the unconverted waited at the after-meeting. Old people—long-time neglecters of the church—were much interested, and began to read their Bibles and to attend church.

During the first week of the meetings, there were twenty-eight professed conversions. The meetings were continued another week, and several were hopefully converted. On the first Sabbath of November thirty-five were received into the church—thirty-three of these on confession of their faith in Christ, two by letter from other churches. The church now numbers eighty-one members. All this came to pass by God's blessing upon the work of the church and its pastor; no help called in from abroad, no new methods, no new doctrines—simply prayer for the Spirit, and the old, old story of Jesus and his love.

The Topeka Capital estimates that Kansas has saved not less than \$12,000,000 since her Prohibition law went into effect.

REVIVAL IN PARADISE.

DEAR PACIFIC: Paradise comes again with good news for your large family of readers. Another time of refreshing has come to us from the presence of the Lord. It was brought about in this wise. The latter part of October Rev. R. L. Vernon delivered a temperance address in Paradise. Remaining over the following Sunday, he preached morning and evening. The Christian workers of this place and vicinity invited him to return and hold a series of meetings. In response, he came back and commenced work November 4th.

Seldom have meetings been beset with such a network of adverse circumstances. The people were unusually busy making their long-neglected preparation for the rainy season, which was evidently at hand. Then the election on the 6th, with its consequent excitement and wordy strife! The progress of a bitter and vexatious lawsuit! And the great fire of the 9th, which laid the best part of the village in ashes—Deacon Proctor's store, where the church records were kept; the Temperance Hall, where the meetings were held, containing the organ, Bible and hymn-books used in public worship; Sunday-school supplies, etc., were all swept away. Still, these obstacles appeared as nothing. The people came out night after night and filled the hall and schoolhouse, after the hall was burned, drawn together by the old, old story of Jesus and his love.

Brother Vernon is a plain, practical, modest man. No extravagance or sensationalism about him. He preaches the everlasting gospel without adulterations or modern improvements. He is clear-headed, a fluent speaker and intensely in earnest. He was ably assisted by Father Merwin, a lay worker belonging to one of our Oakland churches. The local workers of Paradise also heartily co-operated. But the Spirit and grace of God was the true power underlying this great work, as the results amply demonstrate. I will cite in proof a few incidents of the meetings. The plaintiff and defendant in the lawsuit above referred to, who were strong, daring, resolute men, were both converted, and shook hands at the close of one of the meetings.

The saloon-keeper (to his honor be it said) voluntarily closed the saloon and gave up the business for all and forever.

Old enemies were reconciled, and the grudges and bickerings and heartburnings of years gave place to the love of Christ.

As the work progressed, denominational preferences began to appear. Investigation showed that the Christian people of Paradise represented seven different denominations, the Congregationalists predominating.

After due deliberation, it was unanimously determined to have but one Church organization in Paradise, so that God's people might stand together and labor unitedly for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. Up to this writing twenty-seven have been received into the church by profession of faith, and six or eight more are expected to unite with the church at an early day.

It is worthy of note that, though the feeling was at times intense—strong men who had grown gray in sin bowing in humility and tears before the Lord, yet there was no undue excitement—nothing ridiculous, no noise, no impropriety in word or act. It is also worthy of note that the new converts are all adults, and that nine of them are over 40 years of age; that the majority of the church members are males, and but two are under 16 years of age. Now, dear PACIFIC, will you please whisper to Bishop Warren and the Missionary Committee that we want a pastor to look after the new converts and carry forward the work? We don't want a great man with incomprehensible intellect and rhetoric, but a plain, average, human man, rich in sympathy, of some mind, considerable culture, a big heart, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, who is able and willing to do heroic work on a moderate salary, that he may gather sheaves into the garner of God and build up an interest that will be a blessing to coming generations. Hail the coming man! Yours in Christ, E. HOSKINS.

Mr. Moody held his first meeting in Seattle one week ago to-night. The Post-Intelligencer says the audience "in the Armory must have numbered fully twenty-five hundred persons." It gives large space to the report of the meeting. We understand that Mr. Moody was able to remain but four days in that city, whence he went to Port Townsend.

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music, sacred and secular. SONG MANUAL,
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A TRUE INCIDENT.

On a dark November morning
A lady walked slowly down
The thronged, tumultuous thoroughfare
Of an ancient seaport town.
Of a winning and gracious beauty,
The peace on her pure, young face
Was soft as the gleam of an angel's dream
In the calm of a heavenly place.
Her eyes were fountains of pity,
And the sensitive mouth expressed
A longing to set the kind thoughts free
In music that filled her breast.
She met, by a bright shop-window,
An robin, timid and thin,
Who, with limbs that shook and a yearning
look,
Was mistily glancing in
At the rows and varied clusters
Of slippers and shoes outspread,
Some shimmering keen, but of solemn sheen,
Some purple, and green, and red.
His pale lips moved and murmured;
But of what, she could not hear.
And oft on his folded hands would fall
The round of a bitter tear.
"What troubles you, child?" she asked him,
In a voice like the splendid show.
He turned and, while pointing dolefully
To his naked and bleeding feet,
"I was praying for shoes," he answered;
(Just look at the splendid show!)
"I was praying to God for a single pair,
The sharp stones hurt me so!"
She led him, in useful silence,
At once through the open door,
And his hope grew bright, like a fairy light
That flickered and danced before!
And there he was washed and tended,
And his small, brown feet were shod;
And he pondered there on his childish prayer
And the marvelous answer of God.
Above them his keen gaze wandered,
How strangely from shop and shelf!
Till it almost seemed that he fondly dreamed
Of looking on God himself.
The lady bent over, and whispered,
"Are you happier now, my lad?"
He started, and all his soul flashed forth,
In a gratitude swift and glad.
"Happy?—Oh, yes!—I am happy!"
Then (wonder, with reverence rise,
His eyes glow, and his voice sunk low)
"Please tell me! Are you God's wife?"
—Independent.

THANKSGIVING HOUSE.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

"O mother, mother, mother!" cried Polly, merrily, jumping up to open the oven-door as she spoke, and upsetting the mortar of spices she had been pounding. "You make me do all the round work this morning! And there goes cousin Lucy's letter into that pan of squash pie-juice!"
It was the week before Thanksgiving, and all the Daisies were flying around helping their mother in the great sunny kitchen.
There were four of them, and their name was Day, so, of course, the plural was Daisies. And the name fitted, though it was long before Mr. Ruskin had appeared to tell us what girls "should be like." Surely, they were "nice and white" enough, and the "bit of red" showing in their cheeks and lips was enchanting. Beware how you "looked close" to see it!
Mother Day was general-in-chief, issuing orders behind her ramparts of pie-dough.
"Polly Ann, you try that brick oven again! I want to whip these pies in before the under-crust gets soggy. Susanna said 'twas all ready. They've got to go in now whether or no!"
"Polly isn't here, mother," said Kitty, demurely, fishing out the letter daintily, so as not to waste, she said, too much of the pie-juice. "She's gone visiting with Cousin Lucy, as she always does when she gets a letter—forgot to take her body along, that's all! Mustn't expect her to do much 'round work' till she's read that to rags!"
"O yes, she will," responded her mother, good-naturedly, "I do all the 'square work.' Here, Charlotte, step right up to the shed chamber and fetch me another dish of cranberries; and Kitty, I want that little crock of butter on the floor in the further sullen—ready, Polly? That's a good girl! What's a girl's feet made for but to run errands?"
"As if you thought they wa'n't willing to, mother," returned Polly, affectionately, giving her a little kiss as she ushered the pies into the oven. "But you would feel interested, too, if you'd read what she says. You know how she is always working around among poor people. I declare, I feel so selfish getting up great Thanksgiving dinners here at home and eating it all up ourselves, when there are hundreds, she says, in the city who never saw so much food together at once. It seems to me it would sweeten my Thanksgiving if I could do a little something to help somebody else have one."
"I agree with every word the sister has spoken," said Kitty, promptly, "and I would suggest that she instantly set about chopping this tray of mince-meat instead of leaving me to break my little slender wrists over it!"
"Well, Polly, I'll tell you what you may do," said her mother, kindly. "Run over and comfort poor Mrs. Deacon Pettigill a few minutes. She likes to have you come, and you always seem to like to go there."
"Passes me what she does find to call her there so much," remarked Aunt Sheba, who had just come into the midst of the brightness like a spell of bad weather. "If Tom was home, I could seem to figger out some reason to it," she added, suspiciously.

Long ago, when Tom had been "home," Aunt Sheba's sharp eyes had ferreted out Polly's poor little secret, and let her know it in various unpleasant ways as poor Tom went on from bad to worse, and finally ran away altogether.
Polly colored violently, but went on tying her hood and said nothing. She had a sweet, still tongue—sweet when it spoke at all, very still when it couldn't speak sweetly.
"Don't mind her, Polyanthus," whispered Kitty, indignantly; and Polly tried hard to tone down her complexion and make believe she "didn't mind."
"Here," said mother heartily, "take her these two pies, Polly. I don't believe she'll bake any, and give her my love and tell her I wish she'd come and eat Thanksgiving with us—her'n the deacon; he's dreadful lonesome for 'em since Reuben died, and Tom's going off so was the cap-sheaf. I declare—these boys, these boys! I'm glad mine are all girls!"
"Mother, I never can carry two big, hot pies in my two little hands! Susanna will have to come, too."
"Take her, then! Go along, the whole lot of you—it'll do her good to see you. And mind, you chirk her up, poor thing!" she called after them, as the whole merry bevy trooped out of the porch door and across lots to the big rambling old house where poor Mrs. Deacon Pettigill sat brooding over her no Thanksgiving.
She saw them coming across the snowy fields and hastened to "knit into the middle of her needle" before going to open the door.
"There's the Daisies coming—all four of 'em!" she said, knitting hard and looking over the tops of her spectacles. "They've got something another in their hands, bringin' me! Proper good girls they air—from Polly down. Even that sprite of a Kitty aint half so flighty as she talks. I aint thought anything about Thanksgiving, father—leastways not to do anything about it. You want I should put round and bake and so? I s'pose I might, if 'tis only for us two!"
"Father" rose and went out without speaking. There were times when even the wife of his bosom was not near enough to talk to, and then he went out to the barn. That was his place, private and particular. There he fought his battles out and got the victory. The calm-eyed cattle made no difference; or, if he noticed them, he thought they looked on reverently as they must have done long ago when magi knelt before Him who was cradled in a manger.
"Mother" never interfered with his solitude, especially in these latter days when he went out there often with his griefs as a child carries a hurt finger to his mother.
"Mother wanted to let you know she remembered you!" said Polly, taking off her hood to shake the sprinkles of snow out of her fluffy front hair.
The girls had been pelting her with snow-balls, and she had been unable to revenge herself properly. She had it now in looking prettier and rosier than they did as she dangled her blue "pumpkin-hood" by one damp string and dried her wet, tingling cheeks by the fire.
"Tell your ma she needn't ha' troubled to send me any pies, though she's proper good to think about it. I s'pose the aint nothin' to hinder me gettin' up a Thanksgiving, only I don't seem nat'l somehow. Seems 's if I couldn't stand it havin' nobody to Thanksgiving," she said, tremulously, holding the blue sock so close to her eyes that one twinkling needle took off a shining tear on the end of it and tried to weave it into the stocking. How many tears she had knitted into stockings that way—darned into coarse, well-mended clothes, dropped into faint-smelling "chests of drawers" where dainty little garments lay yellowing, wiped away and prayed away about her work, and I suppose all mothers do now and then as the children grow up and away, and the house gets lonelier.
Polly looked at her compassionately, but said nothing. The next minute she dropped the dangling hood and came over and went down on her knees on the little wooden cricket and put her cooing young head into the blue gingham apron that was preparing to be used for a pocket-handkerchief.
"What makes you try to, Aunt Nabby?" she said, softly, stealing two arms around her waist and making more havoc with the knitting than a six-weeks' kitten. "I wouldn't—a minute—with a whole world full of folks needing Thanksgivings. I'd fill my house up so full of hungry folks and homeless folks that there wouldn't be room enough in it to hold all the Thanksgivings. Oh I do know what I'd do if I had a great big, beautiful old house like this!" she added, clapping her hands with a sudden delightful inspiration.
"Massy on us, child, what would ye do? I'm sure I aint heard of anybody sufferin'—less it's them shif'less Petereses, an' I didn't know 's they'd really come to want. If they have, I'll just clap my bunnet on and fix up a basket and go down there."
"The Petereses are all right," said Polly, laughing and throwing back her hair.
Her face was all rosy with excitement, and if her case needed any special pleading the eloquence was not wanting.
"It's the Johns and the Jimmies and the Toms—O, I didn't mean to say that!" she cried, in sudden contrition at the look of pain that darted over the poor mother's face as she touched the name unwittingly. "It's only—I've just had a long letter from Cousin Lucy, and she told me about 'her boys,' as she called 'em—a lot of poor little ignorant fellows, real bad ones, I guess, that she picked

up out of the streets, and talks to and works over trying to make 'em better. She says they're hungry most of the time—don't know what it is to have a good dinner once a year; and she said it made her heart ache to think of the great groaning tables at home here where even the crumbs would be a banquet to her poor little Lazaruses. She said she wished she could transport them all here just once—to see their eyes shine!"
"And seems to you you'd like to be Mrs. Deacon Pettigill?"—is that it?" said the dear old lady, playfully, running her fingers through the girl's hair.
"Yes, I do!—O not if you wouldn't like it, if 'twould make you feel bad!"
"Father, what say?" asked the good woman, kindly, taking off her spectacles and looking up at "father," who had come in from the barn and stood propping up the door-post like a modern Sanson.
"Just what you do, mother!" he cried, heartily. "And I guess that's 'have' em! Tell your Cousin Lucy to send on a passel, if she likes. I s'pose you'll want something to pay freight; if that aint enough you can let me know!" he said, handing Polly a bright gold-piece, which she took in both hands as if she had been playing "Button, button."
"Do you really, truly mean it?" cried Polly, breathlessly. "Such a beautiful thing!"
"Go ahead, laughed the deacon. "I guess we can stand a dozen boys or so for a week. We'll feed 'em up once—there's enough on't, I guess, and if there aint we'll call on the neighbors. The Lord's blessed us over an' above this year; mebbe he had had his eye on things, an' knew what he wanted us to do with it. Like enough mother will find up some comfortable clothes for 'em before she gets through with it. Expect she'll have to borrow you girls, some on ye—how's that?"
"I think you are just as good as you can be!" said Polly, simply. "Course we'll come, won't we, girls? I know mother will lend us. I'll go right home and ask her and send word to Cousin Lucy, and be back here with my sleeves rolled up and Aunt Sheba's biggest apron on!"
"Well, I will say for't!" said Mother Day, holding up both hands admiringly. "If 'tain't the cur'setest thing! I was thinking just after you went how we had put things through this week. In all the time I've kept house I never rec'lect bein' so forehanded. Here 'tis only a Thursday, and my pies are done, and my cake—black and frosted—everything in train, so I can spare ye just as easy as turning your hand over. You go over and work real good and spy, as many as she wants on ye. Don't let her tire herself all out; if it comes to that I'll lend a hand myself. I'll cook some here to home too, an' every time you go over you can carry a pie or a batch of doughnuts. We'll call it Thanksgiving House, an' fetch in our tithes all over the neighborhood."
"Thanksgiving House" became instantly the fashion. Everybody received the idea with enthusiasm. The beautiful charity of "Children's Week" had not then been thought of, but here was the lovely seed of it, blossoming at another time of the year. Contributions flowed in from all quarters. You would have thought a regiment was to be quartered at Thanksgiving House. Such long golden rows of yellow pies—pumpkin, squash, custard—brown-blistered or freckled with nutmeg; such other fragrant, flaky rows with half-transparent crust through which the spicy, oily half-imprisoned contents waited delicious odors; such stacks of twisted and holey doughnuts; jars of cookies; shelves of preserves; chickens in pies and chickens out; turkeys—but language fails me!
"Not a mouthful too many," said Mother Day, who was over counting the puddings and "calculating" whether she hadn't better go home and get up one or two more, "for fear lest they should come short at the last minute."
"Not a mite! I know about boys if I haven't any. Nature never put no limit to a boy's Christian appetite. Things look good, Nabby, if I do say it, and you're all beautiful and ready, and I'm glad, if not truly thankful that—" "Folks! folks!" cried Kitty, in a great state of excitement, "the coach has come! They are all getting out!"
I should think they were! And getting in, too, they were not a bit bashful. It was still early candle-light, and before father could scramble out a coal from the fireplace and kindle a twisted yellow "lamp-lighter" to get a little light on the subject, they had rushed in a dozen of them—thirteen, a baker's dozen, at that—and there they were to be welcomed.
That was easily done. Polly was the girl to untie knotted comforters and thaw out frozen ears and show them where to shake the snow out of their boots and sweep them off with a broom—and all the offices of sisterly kindness. She did it as deftly as if she had always had brothers to "do for," and the boys, who had never had a sister—not such a sister!—to do for them, submitted themselves to her fingers and those of her sisters with an amazement of gratitude that set the girls laughing till Polly remembered what it meant and came very near crying. Then came, in a few minutes, the call to supper—and what a prelude to a Thanksgiving dinner that was! How the deacon helped, and how Aunt Nabby "deared" every one of those little "street Arabs," and "passed" everything a dozen times over, as if they had been the minister.
All the daisies were waiters, and they ran to and fro and tumbled against each other and were more important altogether

in their accustomed office than sixteen solemn hotel waiters nowadays.
All at once Polly gave a little shriek as if somebody had stuck a pin in her, and dropped the glass preserve-dish she was "passing."
"Why, what's the matter, child, you're white as a sheet!" cried Mother Day, while the others looked up quickly at Polly's hysterics.
"I—I've dropped my glass dish!" faltered Polly, hypocritically, making a dash for the door without further explanation.
"I'll gather it up, Polly," said Kitty, hastily. "Where's the dustpan? Don't cry—I'm glad 'twas mother's."
"Oh, no!" said Polly, in a stifled voice in the pantry. "Don't make a fuss, Kitty; I'll come in a minute. Tell 'em I've cut my finger."
"Polly Ann Day!" said Kitty, running back with the dustpan, "you tell me what you saw out that window, 'fore I let you out of this pantry. I saw your eyes, and you screamed before you dropped anything."
"Oh, I don't know, Kitty," stammered Polly, telling the very dearest kind of a white lie; for she did know, well enough, and it would have taken Tom's own affidavit to make her believe she hadn't seen him peering in out of the dark like a burglar or beggar, instead of a naughty boy coming back to his own father's house.
Kitty shook her, she was so vexed, and then kissed her and ran off hastily, for they were calling, "Kitty! Kitty!"
In a minute or two she came running back with dancing eyes and cheeks a-fire.
"Twas Tom, you mean thing! And he's in there eating his supper. I've broke another dish. He came walking in as proud as a young prince, and he marched right over to his mother, and took her up in his arms and kissed her till her spectacles dropped off. And then the deacon got him, and I guess it's the first time he ever cried before folks. And I think you, Polyanthus, had better wipe up and come back to the table and help make him welcome."
Tom looked as if he thought that was the best part of the "welcome" when Polly did go in a minute later; and then they all sat down, and father piled Tom's plate so full he hadn't any room to eat on it, and mother left her thirteen starved guests to their own devices while she poured Tom innumerable cups of tea, which Polly and Kitty and the other Daisies captured for those who did need them. Everybody was full of suppressed joy that burst out in little giggles all around the table, and kept Mother Day making merry chatter with the boys—"to keep from having a reg'lar set to," she said—and finally dimmed father's and mother's spectacles so much that they had to take them off and make a business of wiping them.
"You see we wa'n't expecting of you, Tom," said mother, apologetically, "and it kind of took us by surprise."
Mother had a nice little pride about seeming to have any "prodigal" home-coming. She would have had the boys take it all as a matter of course, and let Tom make his confessions in private.
But it was Tom himself who thwarted her.
"I can't stand it, mother," he exclaimed, jumping to his feet, "and I'd just as lief tell it all right out before these boys—maybe it'll help them some day to remember it, and, anyway, I aint coming home on false pretenses."
"You see, I was a bad, naughty boy, and I thought father was hard on me, and off I went. But you get to thinking things over when you are off alone, and one day I turned a square corner, only I was too proud to come home and say so."
"Oh, Tom!" said his mother, reproachfully.
"Yes, I know it," said Tom. "But I thought I'd work and earn money and be somebody 'fore I showed myself round here again, and if it hadn't been for Polly, I should."
"Why, Tom," protested Polly, rosyly.
"Polly and her Thanksgiving," said Tom. "That Cousin Lucy of hers came into the shop where I was working the other day, and wanted the office-boy let off for a week—to Thanksgiving," she said. And then it all came out about 'Thanksgiving House' and the rest of the boys, and I tell you, fellows, I couldn't stand that—wouldn't you? To have somebody else—thirteen of 'em—taking my place, and me left out in the cold. No, sir; I packed my box in about two-forty. And now I've made a clean breast of it, I guess we can start fair and have a Thanksgiving—the more the merrier!"
And merry enough they were. It began with three cheers for Tom when he sat down, and it ended—oh, I don't know when—who ever knows? I can only hint to you how they went home, well-fed and well-clothed, to their cramped city quarters, with a feeling that for once God had set their feet in a large place and given them a week of his royal bounty; how it "stood by" them all through the year as all wholesome, happy memories do, and kept them many a time from sin and discouragement and crime even; how, lest it should seem like a too lovely dream, it came again, as all lovely dreams ought to, and they were summoned back next year—the identical thirteen—while Tom did the honors of Thanksgiving House—Our Youth.

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Miscellany.

NOVEMBER IN THE GARDEN.

The sunflowers in the garden
Are bending limp and low;
The cornstalks, brown and withered,
Stand rustling in a row.
"We were so fine, they murmur,
A little while ago!"

The sky is gray and gloomy
Without the sunshine's glow.
There is no smiling anywhere,
Unless—oh, gladsome show!
Twelve plump and golden pumpkins,
All beaming in a row!

They say: "Why so despairing?
We're always here, you know,
At this unpleasant season,
Expressly sent to show
The need of glad Thanksgiving,
In spite of frost and snow."
—St. Nicholas.

THE RAMONA INDIAN GIRLS' SCHOOL.

AS IT IS AT PRESENT.

Under the shade of a group of sturdy old cotton-woods, on the banks of the Rio de Santa Fe, in the midst of a spacious plot of seven acres, stands a small cluster of adobe homes and a long, plain, light-colored wooden dormitory. An orchard of pear, peach, apricot, cherry, plum, quince and apple trees makes a bank of fruit blossoms behind this group of Mexican and American buildings, in brilliant contrast with the dark-green of the grove.

Here in the gay sunlight of a cloudless New Mexican morning are children running from one building to another, clad in work-aprons, carrying brooms, dusters and baskets of wood or coal, or freshly washed clothes to the lines; or in neat school garments with smoothed hair and clean faces, approaching the schoolroom. Soon there are gathered around a dark-eyed teacher, with a gentle look and manner, twenty or thirty little North American Indian girls, from 5 to 13, with black eyes, ruddy cheeks, trim figures, and slender hands and feet.

An open grate fire is burning in the center of the school-room; the walls are plain, but brightened with reading and singing charts, and the mottoes and pictures above the long blackboards. A kindergarten table on one side, with low chairs and numerous groups of material, make a cozy corner. Half a dozen Apache boys, waiting for their own Government school to be erected near by, form a background to the picture.

This is the Ramona Industrial School for Apache Girls, the Indian department of the University of New Mexico, whose large brick building, Whitin Hall, stands in sight on higher ground on the other side of the river.

ITS PUPILS.

These Apache girls were brought, a few months ago, from camps three hundred miles away to the queer old town of Santa Fe. They have been transformed in this school from dirty, thin-faced, unkempt girls in moccasins, buckskins, blankets and paint, into eager pupils who are dressed and can read, count, write, draw, sing, sew and work like the American white girls in our own homes.

These children are all genuine Apaches, yet show traits which surprise those who have despised the Indian. They are not inferior in capabilities to white children. They learn quickly, are apt in number-work and imitative studies, like drawing, writing and singing. They readily catch hold of the forms of words, and at once associate with them their objects or ideas. They learn the letters without any particular effort of teaching. They have to learn everything, as we learn a foreign language, as English is to them a foreign language. They understand it more easily than they speak it.

Their interest in domestic occupations is marked. They prefer their sewing-classes to play, and their trained eyes and muscles make accurate stitches. At the age of 10 or 11 they cut and make their under-garments, aprons and plain dresses, and do every kind of sewing that is required in the hems, gathers, sleeve-fitting, overcasting and button-holes. Those of 12 make excellent bread, cook plain food, wash dishes, do laundry work, make beds, set and wait on tables, sweep, dust and arrange rooms.

The work of the school is so divided that it falls lightly on each one of these little girls, who are thus learning, in a three-years' course, to become capable mistresses of homes. Those who take a longer course, of six or ten years, will be trained to become skilled cooks and housekeepers, designed to take places in American households, whence they will carry established habits into their homes, perhaps with husbands trained in the Government schools.

TRAITS OF THE PUPILS.

These Apache girls seem to have strong mimic powers, and to be fond of using them. The evenings in the dormitory are devoted to games of their own invention. Their charades are vivid personations. Their naturally keen observation seizes upon the peculiarities of persons and animals. They "play school" with accurate imitations of their teachers, commending and correcting the pupils with good judgment. They watch the scenes in different church services to reproduce them. The tall, sedate, long-bearded singer in the choir is depicted with great truthfulness in the act of singing. The Bible is pounded with vigor, with a squint to their companions, when a certain preacher is personated.

They detect and remark on bad acting. Their imitations of a trained bear are wonderfully good. Once the bear began to talk English. Immediately one of the girls among the spectators exclaimed,

ed, with critical surprise, "Why, how well that bear talks!"

A favorite play is "tourist." The Ramona School is most generally visited by numerous tourists. They are usually astonished at the attainments of these savage children, and often express themselves before the pupils, who sit with demure faces. But nature has been lavish in her skill at making eyes and ears for the Apache. The American tourist is, therefore, vividly impressed on their minds. Her remarks are treasured up and her peculiarities remembered. In the dormitory, at evening, the visit is reproduced. The pupils are in place. The tourists enter, walk about, look about, and talk with the "teacher."

"Is that girl all Indian?" says one. "That is a muchee bright boy." "She reads well." "Our children would not learn so much in so short time." "Is it true these are Apaches?" "Where are their parents?" They never forget to praise the reading or spelling, especially if the teacher is present at the play, thus adroitly reminding her of the propriety of commending her pupils.

They are implicit believers in what they are taught of religion, or from the Bible, and respect the Commandments. The second Sunday after fourteen or fifteen Apaches had arrived they were fitted out in American garments and sent to church. As they were leaving the house, it was discovered that a skirt of one of the little girls was too long. The teacher took a needle and thread and fastened it up securely. The older girls were anxious that the first impressions of the new pupils, just from an Apache camp, should be correct. One of them went at once to the matron, and indignantly asked, "What for Miss DeSette sew on God's day? What for you no tell her to stop?"

They have commonly a sense of value which many white children lack. One evening a group of girls in the dormitory were talking of their little matters and about going up town for candy, where they are allowed to purchase, to some extent, what they like with money they have earned by industrial work. Some declared that candy was good and their favorite thing to buy. One of the older ones was heard to say, in reply, "Candy eat, no come back. I buy scissors, have now."

They often use their English songs in their Apache plays, and the older ones often admonish in English the little ones to go to sleep: "Shut your peepers now—tuck in—go to sleep." They like to indulge in Apache to describe the exciting incidents of the playground, but, if overheard, they are required at once, while the excitement remains, to tell the story in English. At first this is very hard for them, but soon the Indian sign-language of arms, fingers, feet, and every feature, is vividly illustrating the story as told in English to the amused listeners.

These Apache children are easily led by an unfeigned belief in a Great Father to our Christian faith and worship. Superstition in them gives place to childlike devotion, in which every want, every friend, every blessing, finds a place. At the hour of going to bed in the dormitory, when all are ready for sleep, they begin to say, after the "Our Father," their own prayers. Sometimes in praying for their friends there is a devout rivalry among them, as among some older American Christians, to pray for what others have not thought of. One of the little girls had been very particular in naming all her family relatives, besides the teachers, and, finally, as with a new idea, closed her list of "father, mother, sisters, uncles, aunts, nieces," with her "brother-in-law." The next one, not to be surpassed, included in her petitions all these, and then, with great emphasis, made prayer for her "mother-in-law."

The pupils are from the first obedient, quiet and orderly in school, very tractable, modest and self-respecting. Though they are the children of barbarous tribes, they seldom quarrel among themselves, and have never come to blows in their greatest provocations, though they have once showed the powers of the Apache tongue in "calling names." The younger girls follow the example of older ones with great docility. What they say in their Apache tongue, and how they regard the life around them, is of course not easily known.

They have, however, a ready appreciation of the change in their condition. They say that all the best things and people come from the East; that soon the Indians will not be all together, but one here, one there, in his own house and owning his land—and that they wish to go back to such homes, not to the camps.

"But what shall we do," they were heard to say to one another recently, "if we have to go back to tepee and wear blanket?"

To this one of them replied excitedly, "If we have tepee, we will have it clean. We will have blanket and clothes clean, if we do not have houses like these."

Their parents are, even now, taking up lands to build houses, which will reward the patient and thorough learning by these girls of American ways.

They exhibit a kindness of feeling which would be called, in any other children than Indians, "true politeness." If their teacher, of whom they are fond, is seen getting fuel, one or two of the Apache boys admitted to the school, would run and take it from her hands, saying "I too," "I too." A short time ago this teacher received the unexpected tidings of the death of her brother. It came to her but an hour before the opening of school. When it became known to the Ramona girls their sad

countenances showed their quick sympathy with their teacher, who tried to perform her usual duties. Soon it was evident that every word and act was thoughtfully expressing the tenderness of these little Apaches. Everything was put and kept in place. Every lesson was learned and recited with special care. There was little intrusion of needless questions or noise. The work of their sad teacher was made light in every way. She noticed all this with surprise, and asked the matrons at noon if they had instructed the girls thus to act. They knew nothing about it. That evening a matron learned, by close questioning, that the four older girls (from twelve to thirteen years) had called the little ones aside that morning, told them of their teacher's sorrow, and that they must not trouble her in any way that day.

Some white men and women say that such children should be exterminated, that they are only fit to die. Is it quite true that the children of these people, who thus condemn them, show a better right to live?—Wide Awake for September.

Literary and Educational.

The readers of our principal Congregational papers, for the last thirty years, have turned to certain letters over the signature of "Pilgrim" with pleasure. The author, Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D.D., was a writer of quick and sure observation, and had the art of the interesting. His duties, especially as connected with the official work of the American Missionary Association, took him over an extensive region of country and gave him large personal acquaintance with men and things. A selection from these letters has been gathered and printed in a volume published by the Congregational Publishing Society, under the title "Pilgrim's Letters," or "Bits of Current History." The first letter is dated from Lawrence, Kansas, September 28, 1857, and the last from Chicago, November 1, 1887. The first is named "Bleeding Kansas" and the last "The Martyrdom of Elijah P. Lovejoy." Such letters bring up the later history of our country and remind those, like the writer of this notice, how many events have happened in the course of even half one's lifetime. In one sense, such a compilation is ephemeral; but then, again, such letters will be of enduring historical value.

The Monday Club, of which the late Dr. E. S. Atwood of Salem, Massachusetts, was a member, solicited from Mrs. Atwood some of her husband's sermons, to be printed as a memorial of him to them and to his many other friends. The volume before us, "The Transfiguration of Life, and Other Sermons," is the answer to this request. The book is published in an attractive manner by the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, and it contains a likeness of the deceased pastor. Eleven sermons are given in the space of about two hundred pages, which would indicate that his ordinary discourses hardly reached thirty minutes each. Dr. Atwood spoke with grace and finish of style. He was clear and direct. His doctrine was evangelical. He usually makes one main point in each sermon, and keeps himself to the illustration of that. He does not astonish his hearers, or bear down with overwhelming force or reasoning or passion; but he is faithful and earnest and winsome.

Rev. James M. Alexander has prepared a memoir of his father, the Rev. William T. Alexander, under the title of "Mission Life in Hawaii," to which are added memorial addresses and other testimonials, as well as an account of the death of Mrs. Mary Alexander, and tributes to her excellence. This book not only preserves the memory of two excellent and devoted parents, but adds another contribution to the history of a remarkable mission.

A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, publish in Maxwell's English course introductory lessons in English grammar for use in lower grammar classes. The author is William H. Maxwell of Brooklyn, New York. It has been prepared with evident care and insight, and out of personal experience. It is printed in a style to tempt the scholar.

GLEANINGS.

Enjoy your present pleasures so as not to injure those that are to follow.—Seneca.

True merit, like the pearl in an oyster, is content to be quiet until an opening comes.

True happiness is not the gentle growth of earth; the toil is fruitless if you seek it here.—Scott.

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be!

We neglect the advantages we have, and think what we should do if we were something else than what we are.

The past and future are veiled; the past wears the widow's veil; the future the virgin's.—Jean Paul Richter.

For long life there is nothing so good as cheerfulness and a capacity for getting a little innocent fun out of one's surroundings.

Look not mournfully into the past, it cometh not again; wisely improve the present, it is ours; go forth manfully to meet the future.—Longfellow.

It is a great deal better to lead a holy life than to talk about it. We are told to let our light shine, and if it does, the light will be own witness.—D. L. Moody.

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NEWS BRIEVITIES.

A temperance society with eighteen members was lately organized at Kiuking, China.

Since the beginning of the present year 5,132 members of the Grand Army of the Republic have died.

Montana's population is estimated by the Governor at 140,000, an increase of 10,000 over last year.

The first woman to be elected to a school trusteeship in New Hampshire is the wife of Senator Blair.

An International Congress for the Suppression of Impure Literature is called to meet in Switzerland in 1889.

There are in London thirty vegetarian restaurants. A vegetarian hotel is a recent innovation in the same city.

The Indians in the United States still own more land than there is in France or in the whole German Empire.

The Bureau of Encumbrances has removed 217 telegraph poles and 269,727 feet of wire from the streets of New York city.

Preparations are being made to send a large body of soldiers to reinforce the German troops on the east coast of Africa.

Baroness Ashmead-Bartlett-Burdette-Coutts is giving prizes for fine plants grown by the children of the London slums.

A chair of temperance in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., will be endowed by the Catholic total abstinence societies.

Germany has fifty oleomargarine factories, employing five hundred workmen, and furnishing a product valued at nearly \$3,000,000.

Governor Semple of Washington Territory estimates the population of the Territory at 167,982, a gain of 24,000 the past year.

The Swedish explorer, Westmark, has received a letter from a friend on the Congo, expressing the confident belief that Stanley is dead.

The decrease of the public debt during the month of September amounted to \$12,247,026. Total cash in the treasury, \$636,376,287.

The annual cut of lumber in the Adirondacks is estimated at 200,000,000 feet, most of which is sawed by mills in the vicinity of Glens Falls.

The *Pull Mall Gazette* states that a woman living in Russia, always a strict teetotaler, recently celebrated her one hundred and fortieth birthday.

It is expected that Stanley Falls, on the Congo river, will be a railroad station in the course of a year or two. The surveys are nearly completed.

K. A. BURNELL.

A series of evangelistic Sunday-school Institutes is being held in Alameda county, directed by evangelist K. A. Burnell, under the auspices of the County Sunday-school Association. The meetings commenced last Sunday in San Leandro, where they continued until to-day. To-day and to-morrow they will be in San Lorenzo, going thence to Hayward. Brother Burnell expects to make the round of the county by the 6th of January. He is a noble man, of great experience, full of faith and courage, and a most indefatigable worker. We expect to receive excellent reports of these meetings. Brother Burnell writes from San Leandro, November 19th, as follows:

"A county is a natural, admirable and convenient field of Christian effort. The Sunday-school department of Christian work touches all sorts and kinds of people upon all sides. No one can say 'There is not a sphere for me.' If one has not teaching quality, he can be taught, and it is not as much to be a good listener as a good speaker? In the Alameda county campaign of thirty days, commencing yesterday, every single one in each school can have a hand if he will. It's but three miles to San Lorenzo, and how easy to go and attend the Institute there, doing good to themselves as well as those visited. If a field of labor is desired, it certainly can be found. The house-to-house visitation begins this morning. Every place but one has been visited in advance, and the hope is much inspiration all along the line. This kind of effort has been signally owned of God in Illinois."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

SACRAMENTO, NOV. 12th.
Governor Waterman issued the following to-day:

"STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
"SACRAMENTO, NOV. 13th.
"In accordance with an established custom, I hereby appoint Thursday, November 29, 1888, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, requesting the people of this State to abstain from all secular pursuits on that day, and in their respective places of worship, humbly testify their appreciation of the untold blessings which the Almighty has vouchsafed them during the preceding year.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the great seal of State to be affixed this 13th day of November, 1888.

"R. W. WATERMAN,
"Governor of California."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON DEC. 2. JUDGES 2: 11-23.

BY REV. W. N. MESERVE.

ISRAEL UNDER THE JUDGES.

There are two texts in the lesson which illustrate its trend: "And the Lord raised up judges which saved them out of the hand of those that spoiled them" (v. 16). "And yet they harkened not unto their judges" (v. 17).

I. And the Lord raised up judges, etc. (v. 16).

1. In verse 10 it is said: "There arose another generation (after Joshua's time), which knew not the Lord." Over and over, Moses had insisted that instruction should be diligently given the children. If only the children could be rightly taught and then held to duty!

With what comparative ease some great questions of State, involving moral reform, could be solved in this way! Hardly had Joshua, who, like Moses, was religiously zealous, been gathered to his fathers, before a lax discipline began to prevail with swift and disastrous result.

The Lord forgotten in one generation!

2. Barbarism is never, it would seem, far removed from the noblest civilization. It may take long centuries to lift a people out of degradation; their relapse is

appalling; swift on removal of restraints. How soon these Israelites "served the Baalim!" (v. 11.) How soon after the renewal of covenant into which they so heartily entered, as recorded in the last lesson, they fell away!

3. To serve Baal is to forsake the Lord (v. 12). The antagonism between God and Baal is not always apparent, but is none the less real. It need not be supposed that Israel's defection was open, defiant rebellion against Jehovah and desertion to Baal's camp. Nor need it be supposed they were wholly blinded, and so fell an unwitting prey to an insidious foe. First the Israelites tolerated

Baalism among them; toleration leads to compromise. In appearance Baal worship had somewhat to commend it, being accompanied with signs and wonders (the Israelites were not sufficiently discerners of spirits to realize that they were "lying signs and wonders"). High Baalism will deceive, if possible, the very elect.

4. That many were sincere need not be doubted. Sincerity, when rooted and grounded in love, is wholly noble. When joined to a false religion, it is noble even then; but it only makes certain ruin the more sad. Sincerity cannot of itself save. It must be joined to truth.

5. Presently, the Israelites forsook the Lord altogether, and served Baal and the Ashteroth (v. 13). The seductions of this religion were very great—a sensual religion, exacting as to rights and ceremonies, a sap to conscience, but strangely lax as to moral requirement. It was a religion that catered to both natures, the spiritual and carnal. This is only seemingly possible. Many of the moral precepts of Baalism were grand and true; many of its permissions were devilish. Jezebel is a fair illustration of its animus. She was zealous to introduce and foster the religion of Baal and the Ashteroth ("he-gods and she-gods"), and her fate illustrates the outcome of her religion, when the Lord's anger flashes upon it.

6. As a consequence (a sequel inevitable) they provoked the Lord to anger (vs. 12, 14). He, in turn, "delivered them into the hands of the spoilers." To the casual observer this would imply direct action on the part of the Lord, so making him retaliative. This is not necessary to suppose. Barriers between God and his children are of the latter's own building; and when so built, then God's arm is shortened, and so his children are left powerless and fall an easy prey to a mighty foe. Ungodliness makes a people weak; an individual as well; grown effeminate, "they could not any longer stand before their enemies" (v. 14). As if Paul had this in view, he wrote those memorable words (Eph. v): "Stand therefore, having girded your loins with truth," etc.

7. "And the Lord raised up judges which saved them out of the hand of those that spoiled them" (v. 16). The anger of the Lord is accompanied with compassion—not with hate. One may be angry, and sin not; but to hate is devilish. God is angry with the sinner every day, but does not hate him. But why not let that stiff-necked and rebellious generation alone? He never forsakes, even when forsaken. "Though I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there." Yet his Spirit will not always strive with man. God is always near, yet man is sometimes "let alone." As yet Israel is the subject of a lively and effectual compassion. Jehovah raises up judges, who may lead the people away from Baal.

II. "And yet they harkened not unto their judges" (v. 17).

1. "They turned aside quickly" (v. 17). Paul's language applies to them: "I marvel that ye are so quickly removing from him that called you. (Gal. 1:6). Ye were running well; who did hinder you? (Gal. v:7). Possibly they "spoke evil of dignities," and forgot to "pray for those in authority." No ruler is ever a compendium of wisdom. Ordinarily, a ruler should be a pachyderm; the gainsayers are so numerous, and their influence so fatal. A congregation will lose interest in the minister for whom they cease to pray, and the subtlety of the influence will extend to him, showing itself in an undefinable estrangement.

2. Yet the Lord was with the judge (v. 18). Not so much for his sake as the people's. It appears that the Lord heard the groanings of the people and

had compassion. Their cry, however, was less unto the Lord than unto themselves. In after days they looked to Egypt for help, and later still to Rome—and disastrously. God was their refuge and strength. A cry of distress will sometimes touch the heart of an enemy. Gibbs, the pirate, whose rigid policy was death to all prisoners, was moved by the pleadings of a young lady victim; her life was spared for a time. Much more is the Lord's great heart of compassion moved by the cries of distress which reach his ear, whether or not intended for him.

3. On the death of a judge they recognized no restraint (v. 19). How characteristic of ordinary humanity! People who chafe under enforced restraint, however salutary, become lawless when released. City Christians summering in the country sometimes illustrate this. Of the Israelites it is said: "They dealt more corruptly than their fathers." This is the law of evil-doing. Parents see their own lawlessness reflected in their children with a vengeance. See the succession in Israel in after days; Jeroboam was bad enough, but he was saintly compared with those who followed him. Worse and worse is always the tendency of evil.

4. Again "the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel" (v. 20). The Lord was angry before the judges were appointed; and afterward when the influence of the judges was merely temporary, and the people sinned grievously, the Lord was again angry. The lightning of God's wrath always strikes. It is not mere "heat lightning." At this time it struck in a vulnerable place (v. 21). God's help was essential to the expulsion of the Canaanites; that help was withheld. How well this history illustrates the sinner's condition, whose evil passions are in occupation as were the "ites" in Canaan! The Israelites prospered with God's help, and failed miserably without it.

5. So the Lord left those nations without driving them out hastily (v. 23). This was because they "harkened not unto their judges." There is a parallel for all this in later days. The Lord's ministers are the judges of to-day. They are clothed with authority in the gospel. It is no light matter to turn a deaf or even a listless ear to the proclamation of the Lord as it comes through the ministering servant. Is there a lack of prosperity in gospel work? Wherefore? This lesson furnishes some answer.

DELEGATES TO THE WORLD'S CONVENTION.

A most enjoyable and pleasant affair took place at the building of the Young Men's Christian Association Monday evening, November 12th, it being an informal reception tendered Mr. David Walker, General Secretary of the Sydney, Australia, Young Men's Christian Association, and Mr. Herbert Fairfax, member of the Board of Directors of the same Association. These gentlemen had been delegates to the World's Convention, Stockholm, Sweden, last August, and are on their way back to Australia. About one hundred invited guests were present.

Mr. John W. Roberts of the Social and Literary Committee presided, and short addresses were made by Rev. W. S. Urmy, Rev. C. B. Pitblado, Rev. J. Spencer Voorhes, pastor-elect of Green-street Congregational church, Mr. C. B. Alexander of New York and others, all of whom most heartily welcomed the visiting friends to San Francisco and to the hospitality of the Association.

Happy responses were made by Messrs. Walker and Fairfax, after which a most enjoyable and social time was experienced. Refreshments were served by the Ladies' Central Committee, and music was furnished by the Siguere Bros. Orchestra.

The Australian gentlemen sailed per Steamship *Alameda* for their home last Saturday. When they reach Sydney they will have travelled 6,000 miles. The World's Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, which they attended in Stockholm, was the largest ever held, and the King of Sweden claimed it to be the most important religious gathering ever held on the continent of Europe, as they met in the sole interest of the moral and religious welfare of the young men of the world.

The Executive Committee of the California Sabbath-school Association welcome to our State Mr. K. A. Burnell, of Illinois, who has long been identified with the Sabbath-school work of that State. The county organizations of Illinois are so well maintained and are so thorough in detail that the Divine blessing has signally rested upon them. With this branch of the work Mr. Burnell has had much to do, and now having six months for service of this kind in our State desires to place himself under the direction of the State and County Committees. The State Committees heartily endorse him and recommend him to County Committees, promising sympathy and co-operation with him in the work which may open up before him in the various parts of our State, and bespeak for him the support of all Christian workers.

M. M. GIBSON, President,
Geo. C. McConnell, Secretary.

George H. Vanderbilt has purchased 1,000 acres of mountain lands near Asheville, N. C., where he will build a large industrial institution for the education of poor white children, who will be taught how to work in wood and metals, and thus become skilled mechanics. The institution will be liberally endowed, as Mr. Vanderbilt intends to make it a monument to his family.

Publishers' Department

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Notice is hereby given that the principal place of business of the Naples Improvement Co. (by consent in writing of the holders of more than two-thirds of the capital stock filed in the office of the corporation) has been removed and changed from the city and county of San Francisco to the city and county of Santa Barbara, State of California.

JOHN C. HOLBROOK, Pres.
Nov. 21, 1888.

There is some delightful literature about the Indians in the November *Wide Awake*. The appeal to the children to build the dining-room of the Ramona Industrial School at Santa Fe is repeated, and a list of those who have contributed the last month is published. Then there is a most touching true story by Margaret Owen Foster, entitled "The Little Captive Chief." In Mrs. Upton's "Children of the White House," a fine chapter is given concerning "The Household of John Quincy Adams," full of anecdote and fresh historical matter. *Wide Awake* is \$2.40 a year; 20 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

For thirty years I have been troubled with catarrh—have tried a number of remedies without relief. A druggist here recommended Ely's Cream Balm. I have used only one bottle, and I can say I feel like a new man. My catarrh was chronic and very bad. I make this voluntary statement that others may know of the Balm.—J. W. Mathewson (lawyer), Pawtucket, R. I.

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